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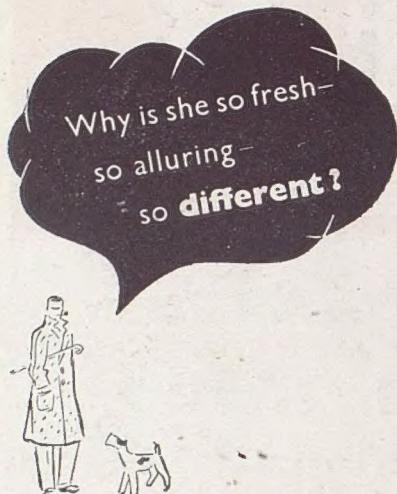
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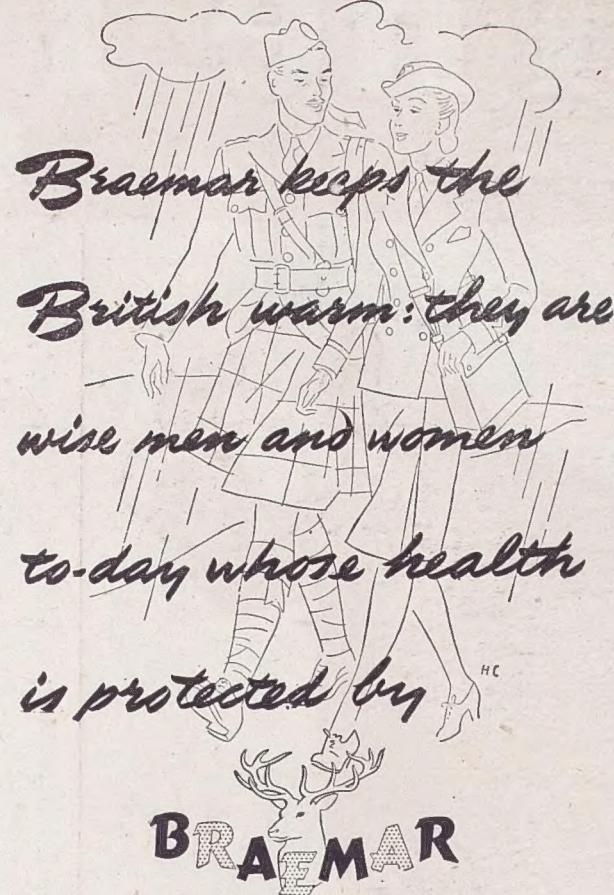
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LONDON

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and BYSTANDER

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Harlif

War Worker: the Lady Brigid Guinness

This charming portrait was taken recently of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh's youngest daughter, Lady Brigid Katharine Rachel Guinness, who is working at a hospital somewhere in the country. Her father and mother have lent their house in St. James's Square to the British War Refugees Committee, one of whose active members is her sister, Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, the wife of Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P. for the Mid-Bedfordshire Division. Lady Brigid's eldest sister, Lady Honor Channon is also married to an M.P., Mr. Henry Channon, who has represented Southend-on-Sea since 1935. Her brother, Captain Viscount Elveden, is with the 55th Anti-Tank Regiment, R.A.



Way of the War

By "Fore-sight"

Roosevelt—We Hope

BY this morning we should know the result of the Presidential election race in the United States. Roosevelt or Willkie? I

have an idea that the President will get his third term and that this will be a Good Thing for the future of the world. Mr. Willkie undoubtedly has many excellent qualities and the foreign policy for which he stands is seemingly no less vigorous than that of Mr. Roosevelt's. But there is much to be said against "swapping barrels in the middle of Niagara."

Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Cordell Hull, Mr. Sumner Welles, Mr. Morgenthau and the rest of the team have been running American policy for the past eight years. They know the ropes and their own officials. They know their ambassadors and ministers and vice versa. If Mr. Willkie has pulled it off there will inevitably be a period of reconstruction and new appointments. The new ministers will have to learn what has been going on in their departments and in a dozen ways the American war effort in support of Britain will be slowed up.

Mr. Kennedy's Change of Mind

IT would be interesting to know just what persuaded Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy, retiring Ambassador to Britain, to change his mind en route from London to Washington. Before leaving England he had informed "F.D.R." of his intention to return and to oppose his re-election. He had warned the reporters to meet him on arrival when he would have plenty to say. And then he told them to go away, had a long talk with the President, and next day broadcast over a network of 114 stations his intention to vote for Roosevelt.



The First Lord at a Public Luncheon

About the time the Mediterranean Fleet was taking steps to implement Britain's pledge of aid to Greece, the First Lord of the Admiralty was speaking in London of the Navy's magnificent achievements. At the luncheon given by the English Speaking Union, Mr. A. V. Alexander sat next to Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, the chairman. In his speech he paid a special tribute to the work of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Forbes, Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet

The time had already been booked by the Democratic National Committee, which released it in Mr. Kennedy's favour, at a cost of about £5,000.

When Mr. Kennedy went back he was a very angry man. And most of his anger was directed against Mr. Roosevelt in person. It is certainly a tribute to the President's gifts as a spellbinder that he should have been able to win back the allegiance of his rebellious ambassador so quickly, even though "Joe," as he was widely known in London, continued to nail his colours to the Isolationist mast. But then "Joe" has been defeatist from the beginning, and was an enthusiastic supporter of the Chamberlain appeasement policy.

State by State

Meantime London has been getting a reflected thrill out of the American election which has perhaps gained from the fact that we are denied the possibility for having a General Election of our own this winter.

Last night a number of interesting and distinguished people were the guests of the *New York Times* in their new London Offices—to wit, a suite of rooms at the Savoy Hotel—determined if need be to stay until all hours of the morning to get an insight into the final result.

With great enterprise the London staff of that newspaper had arranged with their New York office to have the returns flashed through State by State. Mr. Ray Daniel, Mr. Robert Post and other members of a team now well known and respected in diplomatic London were on hand to do the interpretation. For unless you know the United States inside out you cannot deduce much for yourself from the fact that Virginia has swung this way and Vermont has swung another.

Marshal Pétain Rallies

Out of the fog of Axis diplomatic manœuvres it seemed to emerge last week that Marshal Pétain had not been completely beguiled by Hitler's attempts to play on the pride, and perhaps on the vanity, of an old soldier. He had received the vanquished leader with all military honours, asked for his collaboration in the "peaceful reordering of Europe," and, not hesitating to double-cross his partner, Mussolini, had promised that Italian demands on France would be kept down to the smallest proportions.

Even so, Marshal Pétain, perhaps beginning to grow wiser after the painful disillusionments of the past five months, could not see

his way to handing over the French Fleet and bases in unoccupied France for prosecution of the war against Britain. It was then revealed that the Hitler-Laval plan, to which the marshal's assent was first asked, provided for an "internationalized zone" embracing all northern and eastern France down to Paris and round to Switzerland, the transfer to Spain and Italy of almost all the French North African possessions and the surrender to Japan of all Indo-China.

No doubt this arrangement would have suited Mussolini well enough. Here was a grand acquisition without the need for striking a blow to gain it. And Laval had said yes. But it seems that Pétain said no. Whereat Hitler, in his eagerness to tell the world in general, and the United States in particular,



American Soldier's Wife

The new American Air Attaché in London, Brigadier-General Martin Scanlon, has an extremely attractive wife (herewith) whom he married while he was serving in Rome. Before his appointment to his newly created post, Brigadier-General Scanlon, then a colonel, was Assistant Military Attaché. He has also served in Paris, the Philippines and Washington

that the "New Order" had come—but for selfish Britain—proceeded to relinquish his claims to a share of the plunder for Mussolini.

What Says Weygand?

Report had it that the marshal was being subjected to pressure from Laval and some of his associates, amounting almost to third degree methods. Day and night he was being badgered to accept the German terms, and it was said that the old man was showing signs of weariness under the fearful strain. In these circumstances it was natural that thoughts should turn to General Weygand, then on a visit to Dakar, who seemed the most probable successor to the marshal as leader of France should the need to choose one arise.

There seemed some reason to think that Weygand, though he had urged that France must seek an armistice last spring, would never agree to presenting the bulk of the French Empire to Italy, Spain and Japan. And Weygand was at Dakar, in Africa, where the Reynaud Government might have established itself after moving to Bordeaux had there been less hesitation and sabotage.

If Weygand would declare a new conviction that no honourable peace could be concluded with the Axis how great a fillip would be given

to the Free France movement throughout the Empire. Then the ground prepared so far as he had been able by General de Gaulle, would rapidly yield a sturdy crop of united resistance. The attitude of General Nogues, Commander of the French North African Armies, and a somewhat politically minded soldier, would quickly be determined. With such thoughts in mind steps were taken to ensure that General Weygand was informed on the nature of the demands which Laval wished to accept.

Franco on the Fence

Last week I gave some pointers to the attitude of General Franco and Señor Suñer, his Foreign Minister, and as I write this week there seems no reason to modify that reading of the situation in Spain. Germany and Italy cannot feed Spain. Only Britain and the United States can do that. Both are willing to do so, up to a reasonable limit of Spanish domestic requirements, so long as Spain observes a strict neutrality. Benevolent non-belligerence might not be enough.

General Franco loves Spain. He has no wish to see the Spanish people starve, even though, as an old Moroccan general he would dearly love to acquire for Spain a larger slice of French North Africa. Although honoured by a visit from the German leader, General Franco appears to have kept his head and concluded that Spain for the present is more interested in bread and butter than guns and colonies.

It does not necessarily follow that this did not suit Hitler's immediate book. This assumes that I am right in believing that his temporary need was to represent Europe as a

continent now fit for heroes to live in, where war could be ended forthwith—and with it the Royal Air Force bombardments of Germany and the Royal Navy's blockade.

But if that attempt proves unsuccessful, what of Spain then? Suppose that the German armies demand the right of passage into North Africa, in the attempt to close the western entrance to the Mediterranean. Will General Franco be able to refuse? Yet refuse he must if Spain is not to starve—unless he profoundly believes in the early defeat of Britain and her allies.

Mussolini Picks a Quarrel

It begins to look as though Mussolini, in launching a totally unprovoked attack on Greece, was trying to stake out an Italian claim to greater bargaining power in the Axis after learning that Hitler was treating Italy contemptuously in his negotiations with Marshal Pétain. Certainly the Florence meeting should not have been necessary if the two Axis leaders were merely putting into effect a plan on which they had been agreed at the Brenner meeting just previously.

These are not matters about which one can be dogmatic; especially writing in advance of clear indications on the course the campaign

(Continued on page 216)



Military Leaders in East Africa

Colonel Dan Pienaar is an Empire soldier who moved north when Italy entered the war, to command a South African Brigade in East Africa. He is with his G.O.C., Lieutenant-General D. P. Dickinson, who was Inspector-General of the African Colonial Forces before he took command of the East African Force in Kenya. General Dickinson served in France throughout the last war as Captain and Brevet-Major in the Welch Regiment, was mentioned in dispatches five times and won the D.S.O. and M.C.

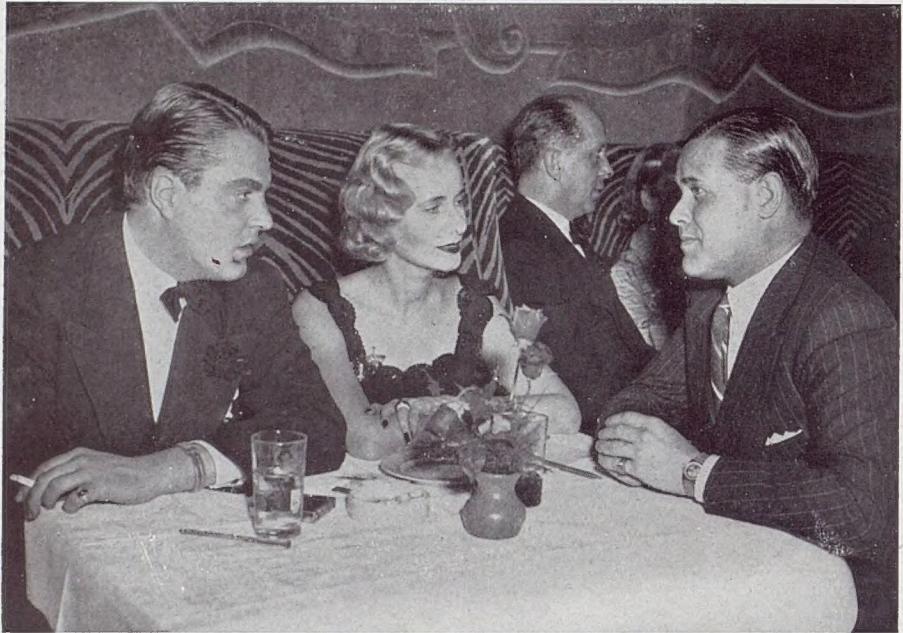


The Brains of Gibraltar: a Naval and Military Conference

Here are the three men on whom the defence of the greatest natural fortress in Europe depends. In a room full of maps, a vase of lilies on a table behind them, a sailor and two soldiers ponder over all possible results of Hitler's pressure on Spain and France, and Italy's sudden attack on Greece. The sailor is Admiral Sir Dudley North, who was in command of the royal yachts before he was appointed to the Gibraltar Naval Command. The two soldiers are Lieutenant-General Sir Clive Liddell, Governor and Commander-in-Chief since last year (he sits in the centre), and Major-General F. N. M. MacFarlane, who commands the troops stationed at Gibraltar

A Portrait Gallery from New York

Socialites from Abroad



Viscountess Castlerosse is one of the fairly numerous London socialites over in New York. She was at El Morocco with Robin Thomas, and they were joined by Argentine Martin de Alzaga Unzue. His first wife, well known on the winter and summer playgrounds of pre-war Europe, is now Mrs. Jack Heaton; she was formerly "Baby" Robinson, of New York and Biarritz

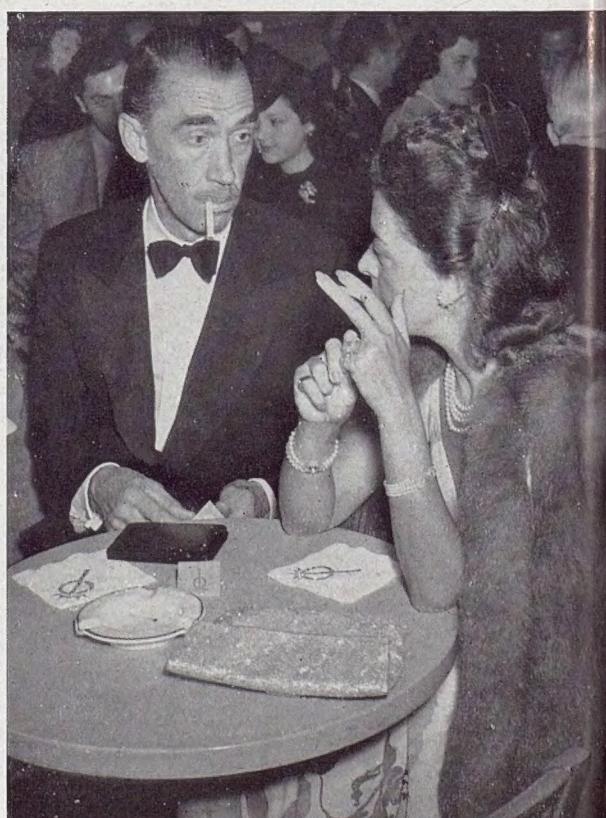


Brazilians paying a last visit to their country's pavilion at the New York Fair were the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, her sister Mrs. Aimee Lopez, and Decio de Moura, Deputy Commissioner-General of the Brazilian representation at the Fair. Brazil's restaurant was one of the smart places to see the Fair's fireworks from. Mrs. Plunkett's husband is Lord Dunsany's son and heir

Stage and Screen—Native and Foreign



Henri Bernstein, the famous French playwright, is now refugee-ing in New York, having escaped from his country during the summer. He was at Armando's with a compatriot from Hollywood, Charles Boyer, and an attractive young American, Mary Anita Loos, niece of Anita Loos, scenario writer, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame. Charles Boyer has an English film actress wife, Pat Paterson



Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Sherwood were together at a war charity gala party. His new play "There Shall Be No Night," about the Finnish war and with the Lunts as its stars, is one of Broadway's current successes. Robert Sherwood served with the Canadian Black Watch from 1917 to 1919

Audrey Iselin, was out with the young man to whom her engagement is announced. He is A. Perry Osborn, grandson of the founder of New York's Natural History Museum. She is a great-niece of the late C. Oliver Iselin, founder of the U.S. Jockey Club, and a defender of the America's Cup against the late Lord Dunraven

Feminine Lunch Party for two at the Stork Club (on the far right) consisted of young Mrs. Philip Ammidown and Brenda Frazier, heiress granddaughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor. She had immense publicity as a deb.

Glamour Girls



Cobina Wright, Junior, was a socialite glamour girl before she turned her voice and looks to professional account. She first made her name as a night club torch singer, and is now having a considerable success on the musical comedy stage. Here she was at the Café Pierre



One of 1940's crop of glamour girls and in the running for first place, so they say, is Josephine Johnson, who was out at the Versailles Restaurant with Blaine Faber as escort



Another young socialite making her début in New York night life is Patricia Plunkett, blonde and big-eyed. Her admirer, who held her arm as he talked to her, was B. G. Holloway

"Bundles for Britain"

Below: Lynn Fontanne took her husband along to the Bundles for Britain Shop on Park Avenue and had him hold her wool. This pose is a popular one when stage stars visit the shop in couples. Alfred Lunt's moustache is new since he and his wife, now in the new Sherwood play, were here two years ago in "Amphitryon 38"

Right, above: Cynthia Myrick, Anne Emmet and Nina Van Vechten are the three pretty girls putting finishing touches to a shipment of woollen garments for air raid victims in Great Britain. They were working at the Bundles for Britain Shop which was described in our American Letter last week as "always crowded with buyers"

Right, below: **Mrs. Wales Latham** is the President of Bundles for Britain, Inc., which has offices on Fifth Avenue as well as its shop. Showing her the latest gift from the New York Hospital was the hard-working Duchess of Leinster of the B. for B. Medical Supplies Department, and puts in an extremely busy eight-hour day



The Cinema

This Colour Business: By James Agate

TRADE-SHOWS happening at eleven o'clock in the morning are not at all my cup of tea. But if wartime exigencies force me to it, and I duly attend at that unearthly and unnatural hour, I do like to see what I have especially risen and travelled to see. Picture my testiness the other morning, therefore, when I arrived at the charming private theatre of the Twentieth-Century Company in Soho Square to find not the film *Maryland* but an apparently endless "short" about the liner "Queen Mary" which somebody chose to put on first.

On subsequent inquiry I find that this exceedingly long "short" is called *Floating City* and has been produced by a lady called Thelma Svensson and a gentleman called C. Pattinson-Knight. Actually its running time is thirty-three minutes, which seems to me to be about twenty minutes too long for a film of the sort. In general, I don't think this is a very appropriate time to be shown all over a gigantic luxury liner. Even the richest among us cannot now travel in it. So what's the point in dangling the leviathan before our eyes? In particular, the guide is a tedious one. I am not in the least impressed by the fact that the "Queen Mary" has a men's barber's shop about the size of the one in Paddington Station. I do not want to see—and cannot imagine anybody else wanting to see—close-ups of men being shaved on the "Queen Mary." There is an idiotic excess of this kind of thing in this film, far too much insignificant detail. The one good shot is a view from the crow's nest looking downwards. This is dizzy-making.

Maryland, when we came to it, proved to be just one more of those gorgeous and shapeless yarns conceived in Technicolor and executed in Technicolor. As its name implies, it is set in Maryland which, to my eyes, is as like Berkshire as makes no matter, with the important difference that the sky is bluer, the grass greener, and the hunting-pink redder, much redder, than these things are in Berkshire or—as I suspect—in Maryland!

Where Technicolor best succeeds in this film is with the horses and the negresses. The latter are led by one of my heart's darlings, Hattie McDaniel, the coal-black mamma who is about all that I can now remember of a film called *Gone With The Wind*. Together with another coloured player, Ben Carter, she proceeds to steal this film as well. But all the coloured folks are superb and a delight to watch—Clarence Muse who plays a preacher called the Reverend Bitters, Anita Brown as the maid Serina, Zack Williams as a groom, and Madame Sul-te-wan as the other maid Naomi.

I mention this enchanting bevy particularly, because they are far better than the film's principals, and their names are in far smaller type. I except, of course, that admirable actress Fay Baynter who must always dominate any film in which she appears, though here she has to play an exasperating and unreasonable châtelaine who will not allow her son to ride because his father was killed fifteen years earlier through an accident in the hunting field.

The film begins with a Technicolor fox hunt and ends with a Technicolor horse race, the race for the Maryland Hunt Cup. It is, of course, the hero who rides the winner, and his mother forgives his disobedience at the close. Lest my praise of this elaborate film seem grudging, I hasten to say that the tail-end showing the horse race is the most exciting thing I have seen in the cinema since—well, since *Foreign Correspondent*.

All the same, I do wish the film producers would stop messing about with colour as a child of four, messes about with a new box of paints, and would soon come to realize that colour should be a useful incidental, like music and not the be-all and end-all of the business.

Maryland is to be publicly shown at the Regal, and is probably there by the time these lines appear.

I did once overhear a drunk boasting that his wife was a ladies' lavatory attendant on an air liner. The film at the Warner called *Flight Angels* shows the private lives of air stewardesses—"flying chambermaids" somebody calls them—and reveals that these trim and competent young persons are in reality as

vitriolic and sex-obsessed as the crew of hellcats in *The Women*. The only fault I have to find with *Flight Angels* is that these young ladies are noisier and less witty than Miss Clare Boothe's set.

The tale, this time, is of a preposterously good-looking pilot (Dennis Morgan) who loves the nicest and quietest of the stewardesses (Virginia Bruce) and is so much adored by the rest of them that we expect him suddenly, like Archibald Grosvenor in *Patience*, to request the usual half-holiday. He too has a curse upon his fatal beauty. His eyesight suddenly fails him, and he is told he must never fly again but must spend his time teaching the elements of aeronautics to the assembled young ladies who hang on his every word and nestle, as it were, into his every dimple. Fortunately the young man doesn't like this nauseating task and proposes to go off instead and join the Chinese Air Force. However, he is detained by America and Miss Bruce at the last moment, and everything is satisfactorily settled by someone having the inspiration to give him a pair of spectacles and a teacher's job at San Francisco.

A quite enjoyable bit of nonsense, with one good flying thrill in the middle of it.

But I don't get any kind of enjoyment out of films like *Rangers of Fortune* which I saw at the Plaza. This is one of your "Westerns" which the best film critics tell me are not things to be scoffed at. Even so, I am not to be prevented from saying that this kind of film is exactly on the level of that kind of ten cent magazine which has a cowboy with two guns on its cover. Your super film critics would not be seen reading such a thing in an air raid shelter. And yet . . . but fortunately for me, my space is at an end.



"Till We Meet Again"

From a bar at Hong Kong across the Pacific to San Francisco travel the hero and heroine of this new romance. Merle Oberon is the heroine, George Brent—taken prisoner as a suspected murderer just as the voyage starts—is the hero. Edmund Goulding is the director, Pat O'Brien and Geraldine Fitzgerald are two more of the players, and the film goes to the Warner Theatre on Friday



Marlene Sings Again

The first picture that Marlene Dietrich has made since *Destry Rides Again* is on its way to London. Once again she is cast as an entertainer in low haunts and a breaker of hearts. In *Seven Sinners* she plays Bijou, a café singer who leaves a trail of discarded lovers across the South Seas, and is repaid with a broken heart of her own. For hero the film has John Wayne, a young actor on whom the discerning have had an eye since his performance in *Stage Coach*. Tony Garnett directed, and Joe Pasternak, who has been responsible for Deanna Durbin's films, is the producer

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Injured Clubman

LORD POULETT wears a very fetching strip of plaster above one eyebrow, won in the Battle of his Club. Apparently a piece of the sacred façade struck him as he approached. Most disconcerting, and like being bitten by one's own dog. In the incidental mêlée, zealous firemen entrusted him with a hydrant and, though bleeding, he was able to be of use. I am rather afraid his beautiful scarlet-lined evening cloak must have been discarded for the duration, but he still manages, in these drab days, to suggest an aura of Ruritania, a welcome picturesqueness of manner.

Sylvia Lady Poulett is in Somerset, busying herself locally, and putting up a window in the church to her husband's memory. She is occupying the keeper's cottage her son has reserved for himself in the now customary sharing-out of people's properties among evacuees. His enormous house, Hinton St. George, is in the possession of a school. Lady Bridgett is doing office war-work in London.

The Seavington

THE kennels of the Seavington Hunt, of which the present Earl's father was Master from 1906 to 1911, are in the park at Hinton St. George. The Seavington were originally harriers, but now hunt foxes. The country is small in area, but one of the most difficult in the West, which is saying plenty. Rhines are among the obstacles: wide, bottomless drains, with slippery,

sloping banks. Apart from them, the fences are big and hairy, quite unkempt, different from the neat flying country of the Sparkford Vale next door. But it is mostly grass, and a very exciting country. The Seavington have an almost legendary record of wonderful runs, and a high percentage of hunting farmers, always an enormous advantage to a pack. The present Lord Poulett does not share his late father's enthusiasm for the ancient sport.

Interesting Encounter

I MET a member of the R.A.F. who had been having adventures — forty-eight hours in the sea in his rubber boat. He had only been ashore for thirty-seven hours, but was composed and reminiscent, with a past of persistent tough survivals. Once, with two others, he walked across a desert. The usual death from thirst became imminent, a practically dry water-hole containing a dead cow being the only alternative. In desperation they all had a nip of the dreadful liquid, with the result that two died, whilst my acquaintance lived to reach medical aid on the other side of the desert.

His name is Penryn, and he spent, with a Scotsman, a Welshman, and a negro, three years on a 350-ton schooner called the Isabella. A cheap and healthy way both to live and get around. Once an Irish girl wanted to work her passage with them from Australia to Singapore: persuaded by a priest, who told them that she was dying of consumption, they reluctantly took her

on. A few days out she produced a baby, and far from helping the gallant boys, added considerably to their duties.

At another period Penryn was saved from complete destruction from boredom by *The Tatler*. He had a job which necessitated living all alone in the very remotest and snowiest bit of Canada, accompanied by a wireless and a supply of *Tatlers*. The wireless collapsed, but he distributed the pages of the *Tatlers* around the walls of his hut, and was inspired to live by the shiny representations of our social beauties.

Dorset Echoes

MRS. DAVID LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH has been busy piling her furniture and belongings into a cottage at Brill, before rejoining her husband, who is a Major in the R.A., stationed somewhere in the North. The Livingstone-Learmonths come from Dorset and Somerset: the Major is a godson of Lord Willingdon, and came in for the very tail-end of the last war, and was with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. After that he took to amateur steeplechase riding, which included a ride in the Grand National, in which he completed the course and finished well. Then he became a sporting writer, published several novels, and was a well-known racing correspondent. Now he is back in the Army.

His wife, under the name of Phyllis Livingstone, has just published a delightful novel called *In Our Metropolis*. It deals with the said metropolis in the happy days when it was all of a piece, and holds the attention with a pleasantly light touch. If you want to be taken out of yourself, join in the amusing ups and downs of Ralph and Elizabeth, their child, Bertram, and their friends and lovers.

Also from Dorset is Miss Lorna Tyrrwhit-Drake, who has been living in London and driving an ambulance. Now, however, she has fled home, for some respite at least. Her father, known as "Ducky" Drake, was a well-known polo player in the darling old days.



Racing : Spectators at Nottingham See the King's Horse Win by Half a Length

Mr. Harry Brown, who is present at nearly all race meetings and is Mr. J. V. Rank's racing manager, was snapped with Major and Mrs. A. Pilkington at Nottingham Races. Mrs. Pilkington is the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison, and was married in 1931 to Major Arthur William Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington

The King had his first winner of the season at Nottingham, when *Merry Wanderer*, ridden by P. Maher, won the Bestwood Nursery Plate half a length in front of Gordon Richards' mount, the favourite, *Lady Sonia* colt. Captain Peter Clifton, Grenadier Guards, who was wounded serving in France, was talking to Miss M. Sherbrooke in the paddock

There was a good attendance at Nottingham Races on October 28th, and Service uniforms were to be seen in full force. Capt. C. A. W. Watney was with Miss Sonia Watney and Miss Annette Watney, who are both V.A.D. nurses. Miss Sonia Watney served for eight months in France. Pictures of racing at Taunton and at the Curragh appear elsewhere in this issue



Christening : Rowena Frances Philipp

Rowena Frances were the names given to Viscount and Viscountess St. David's baby daughter at her christening at Haslemere Parish Church. Before her marriage, Lady St. David was Doreen Jowett, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Jowett, of Melbourne. The Hon. Colwyn Jestyn John Philipp, the son and heir, was born in January 1939.

Mrs. Dick Woodhouse is living in the same part of the world, with her two children, Bill and Sally. She was Cecily Troyte-Bullock, and had her own pack of beagles when she was fourteen. Her parents live at Zeals, in Wiltshire, a very beautiful old house that has always been in the family. Her husband, now a Lieutenant-Colonel, is in the 14th/20th Hussars, recently mechanised. Her sisters are Mrs. Jack D'Aeth and Mrs. Geoffrey Sebag-Montefiore, and her brother, George, married Miss Nina Rathbone about four years ago.

Song Première

MR. DUDLEY GLASS has composed an excellent patriotic song for immediate use, and it was given an airing at the Overseas League Saturday welcome party, an appropriate place, as there were troops from all parts of the Empire to sing the rousing chorus, which is all about the splendid rallying of the Empire. It is called "The Empire is Marching," and the words are by Mr. Clifford Grey, who rang the bell in the last war by writing "The Only Girl in the World." The troops loved it, and absolutely roared the chorus, over and over again, which was very encouraging for Mr. Glass.

Afterwards we went to Scott's, where a delicious meal was created in chafing-dishes in the basement. A sensible lady wore a very special tin hat that looked as if it had been made by Henry Heath. It was of the shape one immediately associates with a shooting-stick and small regimental brooch. If only there were adequate supplies of tin, what a solution to the hat problem there could be!

Appropriate trimming could be painted on, and removed and renewed, like nail varnish, according to the occasion. An ostrich feather from fore to aft for luncheon at the Ritz; a dapper band and bow on the side for week-ending in the country. Should the patter of shrapnel, etc., still be attending social functions next summer, an old-fashioned burgeoning of fruit and flowers



Wedding : Mr. H. Stepney and Miss Neville

Sec. Lieut. Stafford Vaughan Stepney Howard-Stepney, Coldstream Guards, son of the late Sir Stafford Howard, and Lady Howard-Stepney, of Cilymaenllwyd, Llanelli, South Wales, and Mary Gracia Neville were married at Henley-on-Thames Register Office. She is the daughter of the late G. W. Neville, of Portsmouth, Virginia, and Mrs. Neville, of 28, Cheyne Court, S.W.3

all over crown and brim, in shiny paint, would be a ladylike retort.

Driving Trains

THE desire to be an engine-driver is always looked for as a healthy development in small boys, and anyone who tries can imagine the charm of careering, unimpeded, along

those endless shiny tracks, whose only drawback is their use, in childhood, as illustration of the way parallels never meet, however much they may appear to converge.

Lord Monkswell has retained this ambition, which, though simple in conception, is hard to gratify. This country, although it continually dies for its freedom, still has some little taboos, and it is not easy, even for a peer, to take his turn at the helm of the "Flying Scotsman," or even of the local cattle-train. But in France it used to be different, and for Lord Monkswell to arrive in that country was immediately to be privileged to drive one of its trains. So for him there is even an extra anxiety for its fate, over and above all the general ones.

Sculptress

MISS JESSICA STONOR was out having a cocktail the other day. She was wearing a beautifully ample leopard-skin coat, and has considerable eyelashes and charm, as well as being a most talented sculptress. Undefeated by the blitz, she is an ingenious deviser of precautions, and described how, with a companion, she removed the seat of a taxi, crept into the resulting abyss, and replaced the seat as a lid during the height of a shrapnel storm.

In the daytime she bicycles, and has a tin hat, the only disadvantage of which is its top-heaviness. She says that to wear it when bicycling is to be predisposed to topple head-first over the handlebars, and even to have it slung about the person is unbalancing.

Grave Error

THE Steegmann brothers were walking in Hyde Park, and it seems that, in recently describing Mr. Philip Steegmann as an A.B., I unduly elevated him above his proper station, which is Ordinary Seaman, and caused sulks in the wardroom. His small hat and big trousers suit him well, and

(Concluded on page 214)



Lunching : the Duke of Kent in Northern Ireland

During a five days' very full tour of war establishments in Northern Ireland, the Duke of Kent was entertained at luncheon by the Prime Minister, Lord Craigavon, and Lady Craigavon, at their Co. Down home, Glencraig. From there, H.R.H. went on to visit the Northern Ireland Houses of Parliament at Stormont. He made both journeys to and from England by air. The lunch-party at Glencraig consisted of (l. to r.; front row) : Lord Craigavon, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Duke, Lady Craigavon, Master R. Linzee, and Lady Glentoran; (standing) Lord Glentoran, Lieut. Looher, Sir Basil Brooke, Mrs. D. Parker, and Major-Gen. Sir William Thompson

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THOSE six-foot bearded fishermen of the latest Newfoundland infantry contingent to arrive in this country may perturb War Office purists a little, the wearing of a beard by soldiers ranking as "dumb insolence" in the British military world, as it is indeed in any other.

Except for the Crimean lapse, when the British General Staff looked rather like members of an old-time German band peering through haystacks, the Army has never been able to stomach beards, and one of the most disturbing sights of the last war was to see the brasshats gibbering and cowering weakly on their hams as Major Augustus John, Official Artist to the Forces, swept superbly past, his handsome Titian face-valance glowing in the evening breeze. For this reason we'd been half hoping to see Slogger Joad appointed Official Philosopher to the Forces, with Colonel's rank, in the present war, his fine eyes flashing from that luxuriant vitalist undergrowth and purging the brass hats with pity and terror.

FOR brasshats, unused to the inhabitants of Bloomsbury and Chelsea, do not understand the beard and cannot conceive what lurks beneath it (sometimes an embryo chin, generally nothing whatsoever). The obvious absence of a chin can be easily got over by the military mind—in typical Prussian officers, for example, you find it, after some hunting, at the back of the neck—but to be uncertain whether it is there or not is a nerve-racking business.

Hence the official branding of the beard as dumb insolence, which, Heaven only knows, is applicable to every non-maritime beard you see round about—*narguant le Destin*, as the poet said. He however was referring to the delicious tip-tilted nose of a saucy hussy painted by Fragonard, not to a sort of horrible mat.

Illusion

STRIKINGLY close parallels (to coin a phrase) between Dover in 1940 and Dover in 1801 have been engaging some of the more thoughtful Press boys for some time in recollection and prophecy, and who shall blame them? Contemporary prints of Napoleon massing his flat bottoms at Boulogne and Nelson smashing at them doggedly from the sea show that Clio, Muse of History, is doing her best to repeat herself in this instance, the poor old frowsy parrot.

But to deduce that our great-great-grandfathers scanning the French coast from Dover cliffs felt exactly as their descendants feel to-day in the same circumstances is, in our unfortunate opinion, a cock-eyed trick based on illusion.

OUR great-great-grandfathers were plainly far less suitably equipped than we to meet a major national crisis. Their stomachs were full of a curious kind of strong home-brewed beer, made out of a vegetable called "hops" and lacking every kind of wholesome chemical nourishment. They sowed, reaped, milled, baked and ate their own wholemeal bread, likewise utterly devoid of delicious life-giving chemicals and far from pure white in colour, and their clothes were for the most part homespun and lasted them half a lifetime. They had no *Daily Excess* to make them better men and no B.B.C. to stimulate them with negroid noises from the non-Aryan Broadaway swamps and Cabinet Ministers and dons and booksy boys whiffling at high pressure and urging them day and night to keep their chins up. They had, God help them, no Book of the Month Club. No World-Brain kept grizzling and mumbling



"I'm afraid I've only a penny-farthing on me"

monotonously just behind their left shoulders. Even their illiteracy was of a peculiar kind and owed nothing to compulsory education.

It is difficult to imagine how our great-great-grandfathers managed at all.

Chum

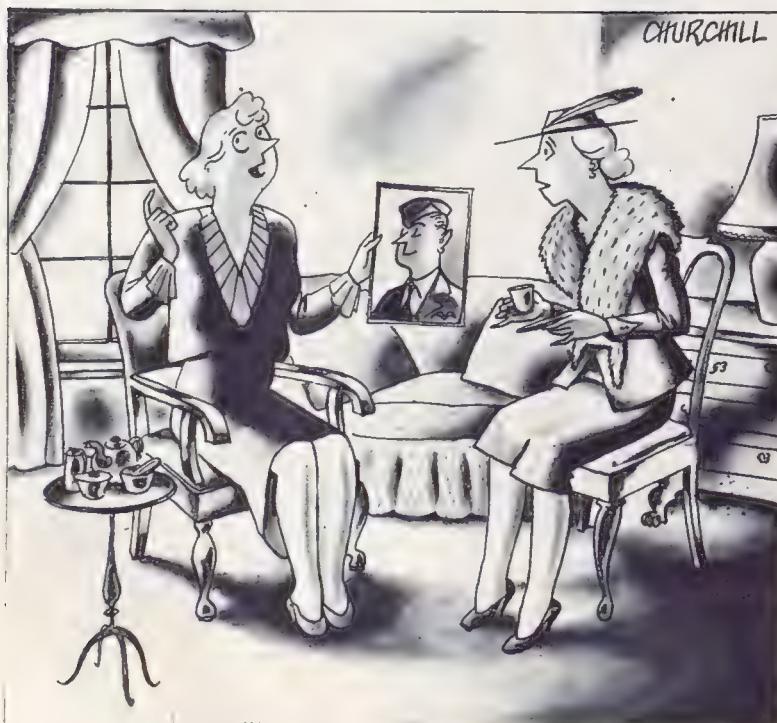
"THE titmouse," remarked one of Auntie *Times*'s Nature boys the other day, patronising as usual, "cannot read." We forgot the rest of the article, which may or may not have been a dirty crack at compulsory education for titmice. What dismayed us was to find that the dumb chums selected by Auntie's boys to entertain and perhaps improve her little readers are getting smaller and smaller. (Last time we perused a Nature-piece of this kind it was about a Zoo gorilla.) One cannot tell where this sort of thing may stop, and Auntie must be very careful. The Island Race is particular about the size of the animals it doesn't mind being chummy with, and if they are below a certain size—e.g., the flea, a most companionable creature—the Race will not look at him at all and passes by with cold, distant blue eyes.

Observe incidentally that when Slogger Walt Whitman roared emotionally "I think I could turn and live with the animals," he meant large animals, such as the horse, the cow, and maybe the rhinoceros; though if somebody had taken him at his word and dumped him instantly among the cows in a nice mucky byre Slogger Whitman would probably have raised hell.

AND what—since we have at last got into a cosy huddle over these questions behind Auntie's back—of the cows' point of view? Would you like to wake at dawn and find a noisy big whiskered American poet tied up in the next stall, yawping and bawling in free verse? That is the great failing, as we see it, of the Nature boys, including all those poets who go round pestering our dumb chums (e.g., the skylark) with idiotic questions—they never consider the other fellow's point of view.

What do you think was the skylark's come-back to Shelley? (Vulgar, we bet.) What do titmice think of *Times* readers, who may be able to read, and also write, but are far from beautiful? We naturally except the nude in "September Morn," one

(Concluded on page 182)



"To think that at this moment he may be flying over Germany in one of my saucepans"



Family Portrait

The Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock with their son, Henry Robin Ian, Lord Howland

Young Lord Howland was born at the Ritz in January this year. These pictures of him and his parents were taken at his grandfather's house in Belgrave Square during an air raid, but this did not appear to worry him at all. His grandfather, the former Marquess of Tavistock, succeeded to the Dukedom in August this year on the death at his home, Woburn Abbey, of the eighty-two-year-old eleventh Duke of Bedford. The new Lord Tavistock, who is now serving with the Coldstream Guards, was married in 1939 to Mrs. Hollway, the former Miss Clare Bridgeman, and they are living at a charming fifteenth-century timbered cottage at Chalkhouse Green, presented to them by the late Duke of Bedford. Lady Tavistock is very busy in this part of the world with local defence work and has instituted at the top of the drive a scrap-iron heap where all kinds of metal from safety pins to old mowing machines are dumped by the "locals." She and her husband provided the materials for an A.R.P. shelter which the villagers have built themselves. Henry Robin Ian will inherit in due course vast estates in Bedfordshire and much valuable London property

The Future Duke of Bedford

Henry Robin Ian, Lord Howland, With His Parents



Photographs by Yevonde

Henry Robin Ian, aged nine months, happy and carefree, is unaware of the significance of sirens or bursting bombs

Standing By ...

(Continued)

of the very few known instances of a *Times* reader who looks nice without any clothes on.

Missile

Eggs have been lavishly thrown at Mr. Wendell Willkie in Michigan. With Nature's own bomb at 3s. 6d. a dozen this reminder of the simpler, saner, peacetime pleasures has a wistful appeal. A chap we know who has stood for Parliament, once in the Conservative interest, once in the Liberal, and of course twice in his own, assures us nevertheless that a deal of nonsense is talked about egg-throwing. A populace exalted by political ideals, he says, can very rarely get you in the mouth, the only target which, when found, actively disables a good speaker. Liberal crowds have much the poorer aim, he adds, being accustomed to being addressed by very vile, oily, stinking Whigs in turn-down collars, with protuberant Adam's apples, a sanctimonious turn of speech, and a morbid love for the League of Nations. Any normal healthy type of speaker confuses and rattles them and the egg quavers in their palsied hands and flies awry.

Conservative crowds on the other hand are used to being addressed by well-nourished, rubicund, retired admirals, majors on the Reserve, and Grand Dames of the Primrose League, whose healthy, vivid, well-coloured, mottled 'pans remind them, by association of ideas, of the figures in the Smash-Ho cockshy stall at local fairs and merrymakings. They are thus led to practise throwing for pleasure, and, when sober and free from political passion, do it very well.

Both types have degenerated, however, since the days of the open hustings,

when the half-brick and the dead cat—both difficult missiles except in the hands of specialists—called forth their highest powers.

THIS chap we're quoting, something of a mystic in a small way, once submitted a monograph to Central Office pointing out the high immemorial symbolism of the Egg (cf. the Russian Easter) and arguing that candidates who failed formally to invite this tribute from the mob were pusillanimous poofs and should be charged double for their peerage when the time arrived to drop the old berries in the Party Chest. This, he says, seemed to infuriate Central Office for some reason, and he was not only expelled from the Party but driven from every drawing-room in Mayfair by a whispering campaign spreading the rumour that he smelt of mothballs.

With this stigma attached to him he naturally had to become a Liberal, which meant that before long he was encompassed by strange whinnying goat-like shapes asking if he'd read to-day's *Manchester Guardian*. "I felt," he said, "like Faust on the Blocksberg." That's no way to talk of Goethe's master-work, we felt.

Job

WHILE the Army is steadily preparing for the offensive, the war correspondent boys, one of them told us last week, are likewise steadily overhauling their stocks of clichés, rejecting the obsolete—such as "psychological moment" and "titanic struggle"—polishing and rebushing the part-worn—such as "split second"—and piling up quantities of fine big new ones which they are jealously keeping a secret till the big moment comes.

We are personally glad to see the honourable retirement of "psychological moment."



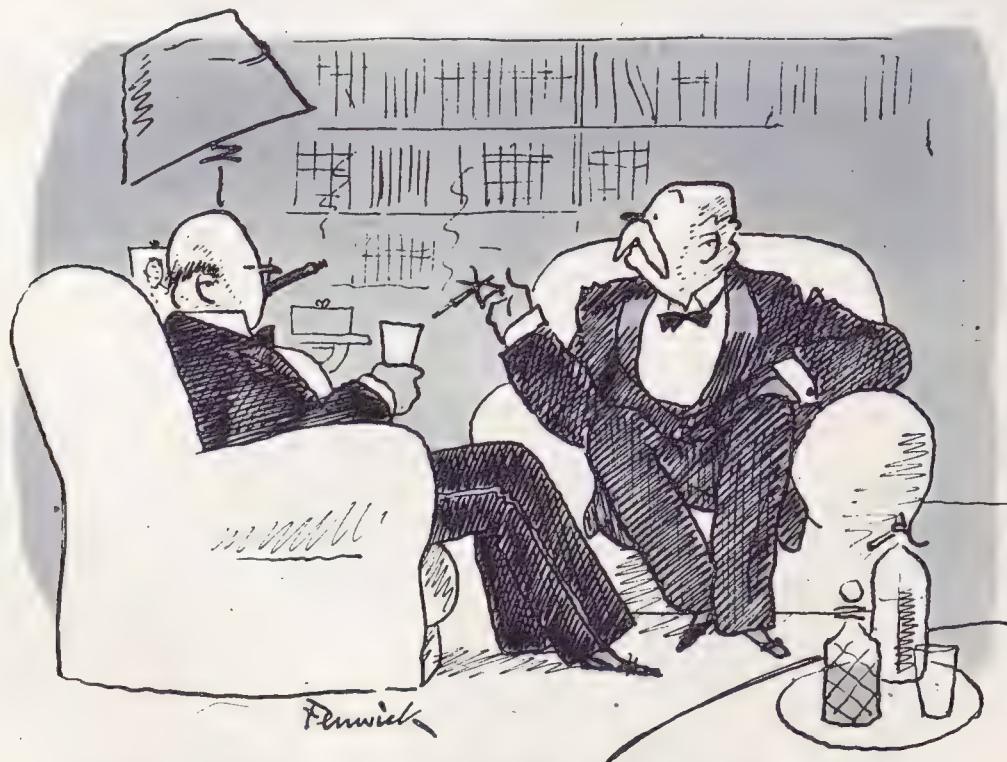
"This island we sent a battalion to last week has turned out to be a blot"

The overbearing Fowler points out acidly in *Modern English Usage* that it is a blundering mistranslation from the German, via the French, and must be avoided as a HACKNEYED PHRASE; see also IRRELEVANT ALLUSION. God knows it has served its time in Fleet Street! For all we know it may even have been the principal reason Kitchener so cattily refused Edgar Wallace his medal when Wallace was the *Daily Mail's* War Correspondent in South Africa. The reason semi-officially given, we believe, was Wallace's scoop with the advance news of the signing of the peace treaty of Vereeniging, which he worked with three coloured handkerchiefs and a friendly sentry; a bit of hotcha journalism which the infuriated Kitchener, who detested all war correspondents impartially, never forgave. To-day the brasshats are either more indulgent towards the Press boys or else they disguise their hate more skilfully, taking care at the same time to make scoops of any kind quite, quite impossible.

Nevertheless we should, if we were a war correspondent in 1941, still pick our clichés with excessive care. A rattling good one might allure some connoisseur at G.H.Q. and might mean a knighthood in due course; which honour, as every Fleet Street aspirant knows, is gratifying not only to the boy concerned but to his proprietor, adding prestige to the page and costing him nothing.

MEANWHILE, added this chap, hopes of the Ideal Fleet Street Battle ("£5000 Blonde in Super-Offensive Drama Sensation Mystery"—"Pyjama Girl Heads 10,000 British Troops in Amazing Infantry Charge"—"Mother's Cry: 'I Always Knew Ruby Could Do It!'"—"Weeping Field-Marshals Sing 'Shipmates' as Thousands Cheer") are reviving. Everybody in the Street of Adventure knew the French strategists were wrong months before the "Maginot mentality" was discovered to be a menace. You can't get a good front-page splash out of a blonde just sitting down in the front line. Action! is the cry.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I've just got my man Trubshaw and a woman who comes in once a week and rearranges the dust."

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



The words to this picture have been censored by the Alexandria Water Board

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Diversion" (Wyndham's)

EVER since I started writing for, as well as about, the theatre, every editor of every paper on which I have acted as dramatic critic has approached me at intervals with the same proposition. Ting goes the telephone. Hullo! What are you going to criticise this week? I'll tell you what—why not criticise your own show? A sound journalistic idea. But somehow I have always managed to get out of it until this year of upheavals, when, like many other things, what was once possible is possible no more. The Editor of *The Tatler and Bystander* has won his point first go off. One must criticise something. Anything, even one's own show, is a godsend. So, if critics want to keep their jobs for another week, the only thing to do would seem to be to put on something themselves, most of the regular managers having dispersed to climes more congenial than that of present-day London.

OF course, if *Diversion* turns out a commercial success, they will all come flocking back—which suggests that this production ought to have been sponsored financially by the whole of the Theatrical Managers' Association and not only by

Messrs. Howard Wyndham and Bronson Albery, who most sportingly put up the money necessary, as Edith Evans, Dorothy Dickson, Walter Crisham, Irene Eisinger, Joyce Grenfell, George Benson and the rest of the company most sportingly put up the art.

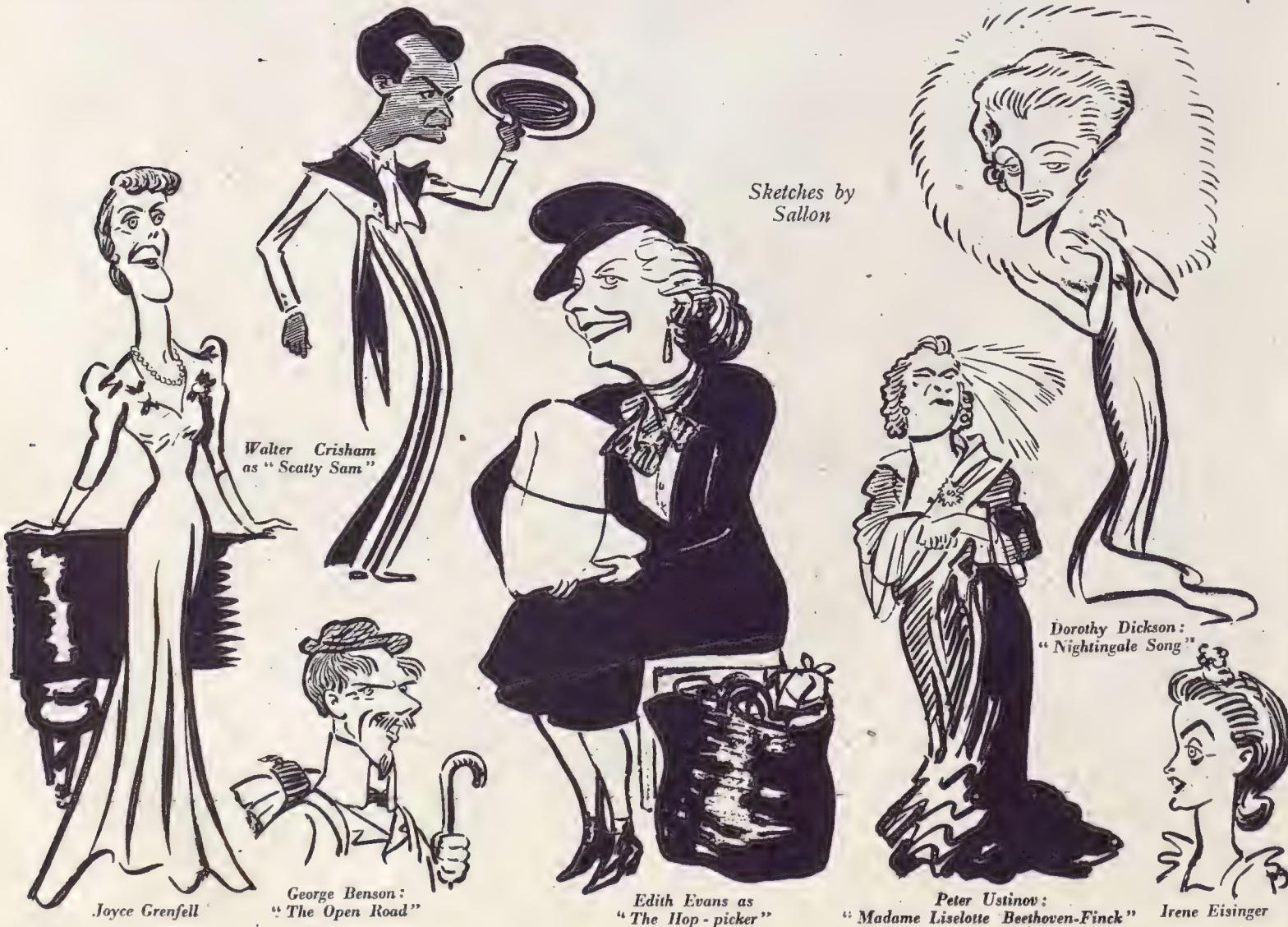
The lure of gold had nothing to do with this production. It sprang out of a feeling that in a time of unprecedented stress the West End theatre wasn't, in spite of Mr. Robert Atkins and the Windmill, behaving very handsomely—had, in fact, every right to be rather ashamed of itself. Whether there was a paying public, who could say? But if there was a public at all, it certainly wasn't being given a dog's chance to get any decent up-to-date light relief from the strain of the days and nights through which it was grimly passing. Miss Evans saw the point in a flash. So did Miss Dickson. So did everyone in the company, whether they needed a job or not. And a very heartening company it was to work with during the brief rehearsals conducted against temperamental train services, telephones that just laughed at you, and time-bombs sitting outside the very shop the props were due to come from at the eleventh hour.

AND now, having dillied and dallied, I suppose I must start criticising, which inevitably means praising, for how could food for praise be lacking in an entertainment that includes the greatest actress, the finest singer of Mozart, and the most fascinating musical-comedy personality in the country? And what would I be doing putting on a show if I didn't like it?

Everything that Miss Evans does is, in my estimation, a masterpiece—the Prologue, the Epilogue, the reading, the astonishing impression of a hop-picker cheerfully enduring all. Miss Eisinger's Hummingbird song is a gem of a discovery (the discoverer, she). And what a subtle and various and understanding comedienne Miss Dickson has become, satirising the girlish snobbery of the Berkeley Square nightingale, or victimising George Benson, or doing tough stuff at the mike over the way her sugar-daddy is rationing her sugar.

Mr. Crisham and Mr. Benson are always certainties. And two real surprises for the West End theatre are provided by Miss Joyce Grenfell and Mr. Peter Ustinov. Nobody will be surprised by the unexceptionable wickedness of Miss Grenfell's "Canteen" monologue (placed too early), but who knew that she could sing, and sing so individually and deliciously? The other surprise (but not to habitués of *Ridgeway's Late Joys*) is Mr. Ustinov's immense, macabre, and terrific old lieder singer, Madame Liselotte Beethoven-Finck. Ask Mr. Agate about this.

"DIVERSION" isn't, it must be confessed, the sort of stuff they give the troops. But are the troops goops? A lot of them look quite intelligent to me.



Theatre-land goes North

Shaftesbury Avenue Moves to One - Raid Blackpool

• About the time London was topping its second air-raid century, our photographer, Russell Sedgwick, took a rest-cure in Blackpool, which, so far, has only had one minor raid. Between sleeping and gulping the local ozone, he carried his camera among the stage stars who have migrated north from London. On this and the next pages are some of the results



Who doesn't know the Tower of Blackpool? Quite a lot of soft, ignorant South Country people, and some of them don't even care. But their number has considerably decreased since Blackpool took over London's place as the greatest entertainment centre in the kingdom



Dancing—and how Blackpool dances—shares the Winter Gardens with drama

over the air what he found there. (Incidentally, Mr. Priestley considers Blackpool's New Opera House the finest large theatre in England, if not in the world, and says it solves more completely than any other the problem of rapport between stage and audience in a theatre of this size.) *The Tatler* photographer happened to follow closely on Mr. Priestley's trail, and what he found is reported pictorially on this and the next three pages.

Me and My Girl was there, with all its Lupinos and Lanes and a new heroine in Helen Barnes. *Very Tasty, Very Sweet*, the new "Palladium" show, was there. Bud Flanagan lost Chesney Allen at the beginning of the blitz, and telephone calls and telegrams having failed to find him, the Press took up the story of the mislaid partner. This at last came to Ches Allen's consciousness, and he reappeared from Torquay where he was hibernating. *Plays and Music* was there, with Beatrice Lillie and Vic Oliver, of which more later. And there were critics there like Ivor Brown, and minor celebrities like Mrs. "Movita" Jack Doyle, and hundreds of soldiers and airmen on leave from North Country stations. And, of course, there were all the thousands of Lancastrians and Yorkshiremen for whom Blackpool is a regular answer to week-end and holiday questions. Oh, yes, blitz or no blitz, Blackpool is very gay.

• In next week's issue will be pictures of "Plays and Music," which opened in Blackpool and is now at Southport



Drinking can be done below the ship's timbers of the Spanish Galleon Bar at the Winter Gardens



Reporter to North America for the B.B.C., J. B. Priestley spent twenty-four hours collecting material from Blackpool for an early-morning broadcast. The five local celebrities with him are Town Clerk Trevor T. Jones, Publicity Officer W. Foster, Councillor F. I. Nixon, Councillor J. Parkinson, Alderman Ashton, J.P.



Comedians all talking at once over their supper are Lupino Lane, Bud Flanagan, Vic Oliver and Chesney Allen. Vic Oliver was playing his opening week with Beatrice Lillie in "Plays and Music." More about the other three jokers elsewhere on this and the next pages

Theatreland Goes North (Continued)



Ivor Brown, the "Observer's" dramatic critic, was photographed for a joke in the hall-porter's room at the Clifton Hotel. For 1 a.m. it was a well-focussed joke. Mr. Brown's wife, Irene Hentschel, was also on the job in Blackpool, producing the Bea Lillie-Vic Oliver show, "Plays and Music."



Movita, Jack Doyle's Mexican film-actress wife, went up to Blackpool to rest and recover from air-raid shock. It had been rumoured that she was killed when a bomb fell in the London street where she was staying. No doubt the "Spitfire" Fund has her warm support.



Lupinos are the backbone of "Me and My Girl," which has recently come to life again in the North. These members of the famous family, whose stage connections go back as far as 1780, are Lupino Lane, Lauri Lane, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lupino Lane, Dickie Lupino, Wallace Lupino, and Mrs. Violet Lupino Lane. Lupino Lane and Wallace Lupino are brothers, and Dickie, here making his first appearance on any stage, is Wallace's son



History lesson was in progress between King Lupino Lane and Helen Barnes: this is one of their "Me and My Girl" scenes. The famous Victoria Palace show had run for 1648 performances when it made its blitzkrieg bow to London on September 10th. Not counting its temporary eclipse, it will probably catch up with "Chu Chin Chow" yet; it still has a leeway of several hundred nights to make up.



"Nip" (Lupino) Lane is an artist in clay as well as on the stage. The rather indelicate piece of statuary he is working on here is a bulldog Winston Churchill showing his extreme contempt for a swastika. He was both producer and presenter of "Me and My Girl" nearly three years ago



Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Helen Barnes, the Australian actress and singer, has taken on the part of Sally in "Me and My Girl," which Teddie St. Denis made famous. Miss Barnes was busy making up when the photographer visited her dressing-room at Blackpool's New Opera House



The Chorus of "Me and My Girl" waste no time gossiping once the show is over. Make-up and clothes are changed at top speed, and off the girls fly to meet their boy friends in the cafés and ballroom of the Winter Gardens. They can take their pick among the young soldiers, sailors and airmen who crowd to Blackpool from North Country stations when leave comes their way



After the show comes dancing for the audience and a good many of the performers. The Winter Gardens ballroom is one of the most famous and finest popular dance-halls in Great Britain. Ballroom-dancing devotees form a whole mysterious world of their own, and many of them study quite seriously, taking tests and passing examinations in waltzing, quickstep, slow foxtrot and the rest as well as entering for country-wide and international competitions. There are more than sixty different "numbers," each with their own routine and steps, as an expert's possible repertoire

Theatreland Goes North (*Concluded*)

The Chorus shows a leg (or two) of its opening number specially for "The Tatler" photographer. At Blackpool they perform to the town which is the fount and origin of one of the world's most famous dancing troupe—the Tiller Girls

Attendants on Mme. Dubarry in a "Very Tasty, Very Sweet" tableau. Diana Water and Elisabeth MacEwan are a domesticated pair in their dressing-room. Miss Water, who had decided it was her washing day, was married a few weeks ago



George Formby, Lancashire's great comedian, joined the cast of "Very Tasty, Very Sweet" one evening when Bud Flanagan had a bad sore throat. Ches Allen and our photographer were taking tea (yes, tea) together when the former told the latter this piece of news. So then they both went round to visit Mr. Formby. They found him strumming through a song while Mrs. Formby tried on a new hat

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Beauty

I AM surrounded by beauty, and yet, for the first time in my life, I not only refuse to admire it, but deliberately I turn away from its consolation. It is just one of the things which the War has done for me, I suppose. Maybe, two world-wars in one lifetime has numbed something in my "soul"—or whatever you may prefer to call it. Is it bitterness? No, not exactly. Rather, it is a kind of spiritual indifference, a kind of mental shrug-of-the-shoulders, seeking to express thereby something which is inexplicable. I know it to be wrong; I know it to be foolish. Beauty will be there when all this horror and suffering have passed away.

Yet, at the moment, it has no message to give me. It is rather like the charming prattling of a child in the midst of some great emotional crisis. Pretty, but utterly meaningless. In fact, not without a grating quality. Maybe, the feeling is inevitable, since to have the foundations of one's life shattered once is bad enough; but to have them shattered twice—and with the immediate prospect that it will be useless to lay them ever again—does knock the bottom out of existence, and certainly no words of comfort will allay the suspicion that life is, perhaps always has been, a crazy-quilt designed by an idiot.

Of course, I know that thoughts like these get one nowhere, and, such is human courage and perseverance, men must feel that they are getting somewhere, albeit at long last. So I force myself to look at the beauty of the autumn colouring as it tinges the distant hills; to stop and admire the burning glory of the November woods; pause to listen to the music of nature, which in the stillness of the dying year is so gentle, yet so vibrant with plaintive melody.

Bombs and Wisdom

AFTER which I return, "black-out" the home and wonder if this time to-morrow evening everything belonging to me materially and sentimentally will be bombed out of existence. And, so far, I have not yet decided which of the two—beauty or bombs—is life's major reality. There are,

I know, thousands of men and women in the same spiritual predicament, and, maybe, we are all extremely foolish. But who knows what is wisdom in these days, except the man arrayed in full A.R.P. equipment guarding a shelter? And that, for such as I, seems, in spite of all argument to the contrary, to be the very negation of worth-while living! Really, we feel rather like an army of ghosts pretending to ourselves and to each other that we are alive and purposeful.

But it seems all perfectly mad to us just the same. Perhaps Posterity will find some sense in it all: perhaps, on the other hand, Posterity will, in its own way, prove just as suicidal. Who can tell? We, humanity, at any rate, seems to have learnt scant wisdom out of our mistakes! So, the thoughtful are almost inclined to laugh at it all. Only there is not much humour behind the laughter. In self-defence, therefore, we try to visualise the "New Jerusalem" which may, or may not, be built after the war is over. There is, of course, nothing in the least concrete about that vision, but that does not prevent us from dreaming our dreams. At any rate, we see in the act a glorious opportunity to put into practice our own pet sociological theories. And why not?

Peace Aims

WE want, metaphorically speaking, something to hang on to when we are floundering; so to speak, in a whirlpool of doubt and disaster. Consequently Mr. William Teeling has edited a book called *After the War* (Sidgwick and Jackson; 12s. 6d.), which is a "Symposium of Peace Aims," and the contributors, among others,

are Sir Richard Acland, Baroness Ravensdale, Irene Ward, M.P., Major Victor Cazalet, the Earl of Listowel, the Earl of Rosse and the Hon. David Astor. Each one has a solution to the terrific problems which face the civilised world, and each—but always if you ignore the uncertain human equation; and I am old enough and experienced enough to find it treacherous as well as noble—is inspiring.

Thus, the Baroness Ravensdale writes:

We must make spiritual values penetrate the new world order, and that means concentrated spiritual effort on the part of every individual; and the Earl of Rosse advocates a supreme Federal Government which

must have the power to enforce any decision which it may make, but the delegates of a Federal Assembly must be, not nominees of the national governments as were those to the League Assembly, but representatives elected freely by the people of the component countries.

Miss Irene Ward, more cautious and thus maybe, more wise, concludes:

I am conscious of the futility of endeavouring to put into any words which would have value my ideas for the creation of the world of the future. Wisdom may be given to a nation, or be created by a nation out of experience or out of leadership combined with character. I believe it is given to the people of these islands to create a future; but we shall only be capable of achievement if our aims are based on courage, humanity, and justice. We must blend the practical purpose of our endeavour with the wisdom of the spiritual conception of our duty.

Anyway, it is all very interesting, if only that it allows you, so to speak, to pick other people's theories of world stability



The Last of the Savoyards

Jessie Bond, now eighty-seven, is the last of the original Savoyards. She made her début as a pianist, aged eight, then turned singer, then went on the stage, and appeared as *Hebe* in the first production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" in 1878. Her last appearance in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera was in 1896, after which she married and retired from the stage. Now from her home in Worthing she goes out to play to wounded soldiers and sailors the songs she used to sing at the Savoy fifty years ago



Leslies in Uniform

Writer Shane Leslie is now a member of the Home Guard, and his daughter Anita is in the M.T.C. With them is Shane Leslie's brother, Captain Lionel Leslie, who is in the Cameron Highlanders. Anita Leslie is in private life Mrs. Paul Rodzianko. Her Russian husband, the famous horseman, recently went to Kenya on Government work

With silent friends

(Continued)

and blend them with your own, or discard them as they fail to convince. A little early, perhaps, for such a book, because the only main issue at the moment is to win the war. All the same, Peace must not find us napping—as usually happens when a crisis bursts upon this country—and so this interesting book is a kind of preparation for those decisions upon which may depend not only the continuance of civilisation, even so-called, but of the life of humanity itself.

A Real Parent at Last

IT is always so nice to meet a real person in any novel. Someone we not only get to know well, but seem already to know well before we meet him. Especially is this pleasant when the introduction is to a parent. Parents in novels are too often either mushy or so Victorian that we simply do not believe in them—as the Victorian parent in modern books is almost invariably a tyrant.

So it was especially nice to meet Mr. Robert Greenwood's hero, in his new story, *Mr. Bunting* (Dent; 7s. 6d.), because Mr. Bunting is not only a father, but as convincing a human being as anyone might wish to meet, in a story or outside one. Briefly, he is a real character and not just any particular type of parent. He is neither stern, nor sentimentally ineffectual; nor is he a kind of too-too-cherishing "mother" who happens to have donned trousers. He is all these things in turn, because . . . well, because he is human and the father of a grown-up family. Or, rather, the father of a daughter and two sons who are still so adolescent as to imagine themselves far more grown-up than he is himself.

By dint of hard work Mr. Bunting had raised himself from poverty to a position of modest affluence. Naturally he was proud of his achievement, though he never boasted. His two sons were his chief concern. One worked in the local Town Hall and the other in a bank. Both were in comparatively safe jobs. And yet

neither was content. Probably safety and Youth rarely go well together, except when the young are, so to speak, human cabbages in the making. It is only age which can see the advantages of safety and the danger of a stone once it begins to roll. And isn't it difficult to pass on even a hard-learned lesson? Nobody really sees the moral of any of life's story unless they have missed it in the beginning. Maybe it is as well. The lessons we learn for ourselves are just about the only ones we never forget, if we are at all capable of learning—which some of us aren't. So Ernest, one of the sons, wanted a real profession—not a kind of feed to a head clerk; with the possibility of being himself fed when he was too old and too staid to enjoy new adventure. Chris, the other son, wanted to be a mechanic.

Mr. Bunting found this form of restlessness both worrying and exasperating. Both boys, not being interested in their jobs, were slack. And, having a good home—which, incidentally, looked like being good so long as they needed one—they spent their money freely. Then comes the tragic moment when Mr. Bunting himself loses his job. Now only the boys can bring money into the house. There is, however, nothing for their father to do except to sit back and watch them as, at last, their backs are against the wall in earnest. At moments he is not too helpful; yet, when it would seem as if each boy would lose a golden opportunity through lack of courage or imagination, father, with his long experience, steps in and snatches it for them. In the end, by an act of heroism he helps them to win through.

Well, this brief outline of what may appear rather a commonplace plot gives no idea of the charm of the story, which is amusing and ironical in turns. Best of all, it is a cheerful story—because courage is always a cheery infection. And to meet Mr. Bunting is by itself a pleasant experience.

Mr. Hutchinson's New Novel

M R. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON's new novel, *He Looked for a City* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), is also the story of a family. Rather a depressing family, perhaps, but quite interesting to meet. The queerest part about

them, however, is that none of them resembles the parents in character, nor had any psychological likeness to each other. (You can do that, of course, in books, and it helps the plot's interest along nicely.) And if there be a moral to all this, it is that two idealistic parents do not necessarily breed children inspired by the same kind of ideal; or, as a matter of fact, any.

The eldest son, John, for example, was a poet and a determined pacifist. In 1916, after the coming into force of the Conscription Act, he came up before the tribunal, and at the end of it all was sentenced to two years' penal servitude. He died in prison. His brother, Philip, however, was an equally determined militarist. During the Great War he distinguished himself on a "Q" boat, and after much peril and danger came through safe and sound. But England was a difficult country in those days in which to live, so after he married he went out to Rhodesia.

The other two children were daughters. Mary was one of those women whose mind is so orderly that she drove her husband into infidelity—simply as a means of escape from so many unwritten domestic laws. Ruth, unlike all the rest in this respect, was just a silly little flirt who died as the result of a motor accident.

The story of these children is woven into the story of the Rev. Gordon Brecque, their father; his devoted and delightful wife, and the girl, Minna, a German, whom they had rescued from a White Slave trafficker at the age of eighteen. For twenty years Minna was an adoring companion and helper in the Brecque household, until she, too, met with a tragic end—committing suicide as the result of local gossip and suspicion which condemned her as a spy.

So, all told, this is not a very cheerful story—not the least sad point being that an idealist does not necessarily inspire others with his own high ideals. But I suppose idealists always expect too much from other people, and especially their own family. They start out ready to charter some huge steamer for their adherents, only to discover at last that they are alone in a small boat—except for a few people who just adore them for being what they are: lovable or just a loving habit.



The Younger Generation in Ireland

Fiola, Rachel and Desmond John are the three children of the twenty-eighth Knight of Glin and his attractive wife, Madam Fitzgerald. She was photographed with them at Castle Glin, their home on the Shannon. Madam Fitzgerald was Veronica Villiers before her marriage in 1929



Artists' Horse-Box

A caravanful of artists have gone off from Chelsea into the wilds of the countryside to look for work. They go prepared for anything, from painting evacuees' portraits to camouflaging cars. Leader is Mrs. Dulcie Vaughan, who paints sporting dogs and horses on glass. She packs the "stock" as her caravan's crew hand it in to her through the window



On the Balustrade

Lord and Lady Astor are seen with Partout, the French Poodle, a rather independent person, Sheila the greyhound in friendly mood, and Peke-a-Boo safely tucked under his mistress's arm

Cliveden was originally a magnificent residence designed by Wynne for the notorious George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Little is known of the early history of this splendid piece of ducal extravagance. From its earliest days Cliveden has had both royal and political associations. George I. and George II. were entertained there when the house had passed into the hands of the Earl of Orkney, after the death of Buckingham. Frederick Prince of Wales used the house as a country residence during the early part of the eighteenth century. In later days most of the great politicians of the nineteenth century have gathered within its walls, and since 1906, when Lord and Lady Astor went to live there, entertaining has continued in traditional Cliveden style. The luncheon and week-end parties at one time were invested by gossip-writers with a somewhat mysterious political influence, which Lord Astor himself was moved to deny. The Astors have this year spent a certain amount of time at their house in Plymouth Hoe, since the Sutton Division of Plymouth is Lady Astor's constituency, and Lord Astor is Lord Mayor of the town. (More pictures of Cliveden and its owners appear on the next two pages)

Cliveden

Viscount and Viscountess Astor
at Their Taplow Home



The South Front of Cliveden

The present structure, severely classical in style, was designed by Sir Charles Barry in 1849, at the request of the Duke of Sutherland, when the house was burnt down after only six months' ownership, he having purchased it from Sir George Warrender. Its foundations were laid in 1666, and the house was completed, with all the final embellishments, in 1678

Cliveden: Lord and Lady Astor at Home (Continued)



Viscountess Astor, M.P., Châtelaine of Cliveden

Seated at her desk is Lady Astor, a tireless worker; a brilliant speaker and an enthusiast for social reforms, whose political opponents find her a nimble adversary with a deadly thrust, in spite of her charmingly feminine exterior. She has raised many a fiery torch in the House of Commons, particularly on the subjects of child welfare and teetotalism. Lady Astor's character and poise are well portrayed in the bust on the right, made in 1930 by Joe Davidson, the celebrated American sculptor



Surrounded by his collection of paintings and race-horses was his main peacetime interest. Waldorf Astor, father of the present owner, was a man of great beauty of the gardens with the Borghese, Rome. Cliveden was given to the nation by the late Colonel Chiswell Davis



Lady Astor's "Latest Indiscretion"

The purchase of an "Auto-Bik" is described by Lady Astor as her "latest indiscretion," an epithet agreed to by her family, who have much difficulty in preventing her using this method of transport to go to and from London. But it is a typical move on the part of one who radiates resource and refuses to be daunted by lack of petrol



A War Memorial to Canadian

In a beautiful spot in the garden at Cliveden stands a memorial to the Canadian hospital in these grounds during the last war. Lord and Lady Astor's hospital which has recently been opened in this country for the benefit of the British Army, and is completely staffed by nurses and doctors



Count Astor, Owner of Cliveden

By Munnings, Lord Astor works at his desk. The training of his desk. The training of his desk. In 1893 Cliveden passed into the hands of Mr. William who made widespread changes in the interior, and further enhanced magnificent balustrading and ornamental fountains from the Villa Lord Astor on the occasion of his marriage to the daughter Langhorne, of Virginia, U.S.A., as a wedding present



Resting on the Famous Terrace

Lady Astor is a most charming and thoughtful hostess, as all her friends who stay at Cliveden will know. She is devoted to her family and has four sons: the Hon. W. W. Astor, M.P. for Fulham, and Major the Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P. for Dover, politically minded like their parents; and two younger sons, David and Michael, serving in the Army. Her only daughter, Nancy, was married in 1933 to Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the eldest son of the Earl of Ancaster



Canadian soldiers

The Canadian soldiers who died in the have done much to help a Red Cross the Canadian Forces serving with the one of the largest hospitals in Canada



A Magnificent View from the Garden

John Evelyn, the English diarist, who was born at Dorking in 1620, describes the view as being "to the utmost edge of the horizon, which with the serpentine of the Thames, is admirable," and it is this wide and lovely view, with its gracious wooded slopes rising steeply from the shining river, that is one of the chief characteristics of Cliveden. Much of the original 17th-century garden planning still remains, and Lady Astor, who is a keen gardener, takes great interest in it

Taunton Races

National Hunt
Season Opens



The Judge

Racing under National Hunt Rules opened with a one-day meeting at Taunton on October 24th, and an amazing number of people put in an appearance at this most welcome event, as will be seen from this picture of the crowd in the stand. Miss Dorothy Paget was expected to win the County Hurdle Race with Ard Macha (ridden by G. Archibald), which started at evens, but was beaten by Mr. P. Butler's Laboratoire. Miss Paget's Bachelor King also ran second to Mr. R. C. Massey's Woodside Terrace in the Corfe Novices' Steeplechase.

(On left)
Mr. A. E. Hancock, the Judge,
watches the racing from his box



Captain and Mrs. Rawlinson were accompanied at Taunton by their "Jack Russell" terrier. Captain Rawlinson is booted, but not spurred, ready to ride his horse Goshawk in the County Hurdle Race



Miss Jane Eastment was with Miss Diana Bell, now in the A.T.S., who has won many point-to-point races in various parts of the country. She is the daughter of an ex-Master of the South-West Wilts



Mrs. Tom Hanbury, Mrs. Gordon Deuchar, Mr. Gordon Deuchar and Mr. Tom Hanbury were photographed together. Mr. Hanbury won the Somerset Handicap Steeplechase on the favourite, Paladin



Viscount Portman, M.F.H. of the Taunton Vale, and a Steward at the meeting, discusses the form with his wife, formerly the Hon. Sybil Douglas-Pennant, the younger sister of Lord Penrhyn



Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Gerard Du Buisson were at the first steeplechase meeting of the season. Mrs. Du Buisson is a sister of Lord Portman and an enthusiastic race-goer



Brigadier the Hon. Edward Frederick Lawson, D.S.O., M.C., the only son of Lord Burnham, was enjoying an afternoon's racing. He married in 1926 Miss Enid Scott-Robson, a sister of the well-known polo player



Miss M. Cobb was in the paddock with Mrs. William Pike, waiting to see the horses come out for the next race at the Taunton jump meeting which was held at Orchard Portman



Mrs. Reilly Collins and Mrs. Richard Onslow were suitably dressed in ocelot and opossum fur coats to keep out the bitter cold wind but look as if form and fortune were in kindly mood



Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, formerly Miss Diana Carlos-Clarke, who never seems to miss a race meeting, was walking round with Mrs. Evan Williams. Mr. Walwyn's horse, Roman Gold, fell in the first race

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

VERDUN, 1916: "Ils ne passeront pas!" Vichy, 1940: France? . . . Such a contrast beggars all comment. The *Nordens Frihet* of Stockholm has said that Mr. Churchill is "stiff-necked." It is a good thing for civilisation that there is someone with some starch in him. The Stockholm paper has been kind enough to add: "What a brilliant moral vindication the British nation of haberdashers' has in fact achieved by preferring the frightfulness of battle on her own soil!"

The only words which it is necessary to add are, "for the time being." The nation which holds command of the sea highway also holds command of the moment. In one of his Odes, the gentleman known to everyone who has ever read *Handley Cross* as "the Apulian classic," said: "Nil desperandum Teucro Duce et auspice Teucro." Teucer was also a Trojan.

M. R. RALPH INGERSOLL, the friendly American journalist, has characterised the courage of the British nation as "fantastic." I suggest that the real epithet is "inherent." An Italian newspaper has wondered how we can stand it; and have not given in long ago. The answer is easy: we are not Italians—or Germans.

A CORRESPONDENT of our very gallant contemporary *The Times*—and how gallant we now know—has said that he is certain that we ought to hear and see more

of regimental bands and colours. I am sure that this is a good thought. It would seem to be almost unnecessary to cite examples of the tonic effect that martial music has upon the combative instincts, and that, of course, is the big idea behind it all. The simple savage with his war-drums discovered this almost before any civilised races realised it. And how about the engagement at Jericho? It was not the sound of the trumpets that did that trick, but the inspiration which they gave to Joshua's storm-troops. Take the Highlanders' pipes! They will go in by the front door of Hell and out at the back to follow them. There is hardly any better battle-music, even if they only play "Neil Gow's Farewell to Whiskey!", which, of course, is only a lament, but a braw guid chune all the same.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS"—how it has set the pulses dancing with its reference to Alexander; and the Rifleman's quick-step, "I'm Ninety-five," taking us back to the times of Craufurd's Light Division. The only objection I have ever heard to this last is that it seems to encourage the Riflemen to walk faster than they do already—and that is a sight too fast for most people, especially anyone not fond of walking under any circumstances. And another infantry march-tune, a thing called the "Zakh ma Dil"—I think that that is the right spelling; anyway, it is pronounced like that. It is the marching tune of so

many of the Indian Frontier regiments, and the last time I heard it was when I had the honour of abiding with one of them for a short spell. The pet name of that regiment was "The Forty Thieves." The "Zakh ma Dil" is played by their own tootie-pipes and drums and is a great stimulant to tired feet. I do not know what the translation of the Pushtu is, but it has always struck me as being a somewhat bloody-minded tune.

Cavalry bands quâ cavalry bands we may hear no more, excepting in some very special cases—"The Tins," the Greys and Royals, for instance—but for exciting military ardour they always took a bit of beating. They only played on the move when the regiment was at the walk. I think Kipling must have believed that they played the "Keel Row" at the trot. This is not so, any more than it would be to say that they produced "Bonnie Dundee," the cavalry canter. Kipling had a very proper admiration for a cavalry band, for he wrote:

A cavalry band is a sacred thing. It only turns out for Commanding Officers' Parades [and, as I think I would like to remind the great author's shade, ceremonial occasions]; and the Band Master is one degree more important than the Colonel. He is a High Priest, and the "Keel Row" is his holy song. The "Keel Row" is the cavalry trot, and the man who has never heard that tune rising, high and shrill, above the rattle of the regiment going past the saluting-base, has something yet to hear and understand.

The only music played when The Horse are out of the walk is that supplied by the trumpeter, and that is short, sharp and decided—such, for instance, as the blast which says "set 'em alight!" Most cavalry movement is, or was, however, controlled by signs, all easily understood by even the stupidest, and I am sure the horses knew them as well as they knew the calls. Anyone who has ever heard "Stables!" sounded will not doubt the intelligence of the cavalry charger and troop horse.



Beagling Near Brighton

Captain F. H. B. Samuelson (right), the Master of the Brighton Foot Beagles, which met at Rodwell, near Lewes, cracks a joke with Colonel F. B. Ferrers, a keen follower of hounds



More Beagling With the Brighton Foot

Mrs. Baxter, Colonel Birkett and Miss Williams have just arrived at Rodwell, on a perfect autumn morning, for the meet of the Brighton Foot Beagles. Colonel Birkett gets ready for the fray



Beagling at Brambley

The Master of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles, Mr. H. H. Scott-Willey, discusses sport with Mr. E. H. Fields, an ex-Master of the pack

EVERY "pork butcher," or hog hunter, will, I know, join me in congratulations upon his engagement to Brigadier J. Scott-Cockburn, famous for all time as a winner of three Kadir Cups, India's pig-sticking Blue Ribbon, on that great old steed Carclew. The future bride, like the bridegroom-elect, is from Cheshire, and is Miss Pamela Pershouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Pershouse, of Lower Easden Hall, Malpas, and I feel sure that she must be as keen on sport as her future husband.

MEMORIES being proverbially short and Carclew's and his owner's record an amazing story, I feel that upon an auspicious occasion like this it bears repetition. Carclew was foaled in 1905, and was by Goneaway out of a country-bred mare by Amir (an Arab), and here is the full tally of his achievements: 1923 (18 y.o.)—Semi-finals, Kadir Cup. Beaten by eventual winner; 1924 (19 y.o.)—Won Kadir Cup first time; 1925 (20 y.o.)—Won Kadir Cup second time; 1926 (21 y.o.)—Semi-finals, Kadir Cup. Beaten by eventual winner; 1927 (22 y.o.)—Won Kadir Cup third time; 1928 (23 y.o.)—Semi-finals, Kadir Cup. Beaten by eventual winner; 1930 (25 y.o.)—Semi-finals, Kadir Cup. Beaten by eventual winner; 1930 (25 y.o.)—First prize, Pigstickers, Imperial Delhi Horse Show; 1931 (26 y.o.)—Sailed to England; 1935 (rising 31)—at Aldershot and full of himself; 1937—Died in England, November 5th, aged 32 years.

IT is a truly astonishing record and has only been equalled in one respect by that

of Manifest, who won it in 1930 and 1931, ridden by his owner, then Captain H. McA. Richards, R.A., and in 1936, when he had passed into the ownership of Captain P. H. J. Tuck, also a Gunner. Captain Richards, incidentally, won the Kadir in 1928 on his own Centaur, but for one horse ridden by the same owner, Carclew's record stands out quite alone.

About his great old horse, Brigadier J. Scott-Cockburn once wrote to me:

Carclew was a small horse, no more than fifteen hands, and I was much too heavy for him. Whenever he was beaten in the Kadir it was always due to a long run-up to the boar or to a long, tiring hunt when the boar squats and is temporarily lost. Pigsticking is a catch-weight affair, so it is not fair to expect a small horse, carrying twelve stone, to keep level on



Lawn Tennis in America

Don McNeill (centre), of Oklahoma City, won the National Singles tennis championship at West Side Lawn Tennis Club, by beating Bobby Riggs, of Chicago (right), the former title-holder. With them is Mr. Dwight Davis, the donor of the Title Cup, holding one side of the permanent trophy



Racing in Somerset

Mr. H. Fulford, Mrs. Sedgewick Rough, and Mrs. J. Fawcett, the wife of the well-known gentleman rider, were among the many enthusiastic racegoers who turned up at Orchard Portman, near Taunton, for the first steeplechasing of the season

the run-up with bigger animals. On such occasions of a long "slip" my heart would be in my mouth. I knew that Carclew could not be first up to the boar, and if he was heavy or sluggish or taken by surprise, the man on the big, striding horse might get a quick spear. If, on the other hand, the boar jinked at once, Carclew would be on him like a flash, and taking subsequent jink for jink with the pig, would keep me on its tail up to the moment to spear. In an ordinary heat with an umpire who slipped his heat at a normal distance, Carclew would shoot out from the others as soon as I loosed his rein at the command "Ride!" On open maidan or in light grass he would place me right to spear within a minute, but it was in thick cover that he really excelled.



Golf in India

In the final of the Amateur Golf Championship of Northern India, which was played on the superb course at Gulmarg, Major D. L. Woods (I.P.) (left) beat Major Brown by 10 and 9 over thirty-six holes



Racing at Taunton

Mr. A. Hunter is led-in after riding Mr. P. Butler's Laboratoire to victory in the County Hurdle Race at Taunton Steeplechases, a most successful meeting



Fishing on the Usk

Miss Diana Thompson, on leave from the W.A.A.F., killed an 18-lb. and a 15-lb. salmon when fishing on her father, Colonel H. C. R. Thompson's, fine stretch at Estarvarney, Mon.

Babble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

A PRIVATE in a Scottish regiment went off to France armed with everything the country could give him to make him a good soldier—plus an accordion slung over his shoulder.

He returned from Dunkirk in his bare feet and with only a pair of trousers and a shirt left of his fine equipment—but still plus the accordion slung over his shoulder.

"You've lost your rifle and your kit at Dunkirk," sneered a sergeant, "but you saved your bloomin' melodeon."

"I should think so," replied the soldier. "I'm still paying the instalments on it!"



Fifty Years in Fleet Street

Mr. James Jennings celebrated this year his jubilee—fifty years of unbroken work in Fleet Street. Aged thirteen, he joined the "Ladies' Pictorial," where he worked in almost all departments. He then joined the "Sphere" at its birth in 1900. About twenty-five years ago he joined "The Tatler's" editorial staff, and was soon appointed assistant editor, from which position he is now retiring. He is a life-member of the Newspaper Press Fund, and a member of the Institute of Journalists

RASTUS, summoned for jury service at a murder trial, had seemed a little too anxious to serve.

"Do you know accused?" he was asked.

"Yassuh—dat is, nossuh," he replied, realising that if he made an affirmative answer he would be barred from serving.

"You think, then, that you could give his case a fair hearing?"

"Yassuh," replied Rastus. "Leastwise, ez fair ez de ole scamp deserves."

FROM Shanghai comes a story of a Russian living there who took out Soviet papers and returned to the U.S.S.R. Before leaving he told his friends that if his first letter was written with blue ink, everything he said would be true. If, however, he used red ink, the conditions he described would be exactly the opposite of the facts.

A letter arrived, written in blue. "Life in Russia is wonderful," said the writer. "I have found a comfortable room for a small sum, and my wages enable me to go to theatres, cinemas and art galleries. There are milk, eggs, bread and meat in abundance. The only thing I cannot find is red ink."

A MAN was being medically examined for the Army, and they began testing his sight.

He couldn't read the chart, so the medical officer held up half a crown and asked: "What's this?"

"A sixpence," replied the man.

When they showed him a huge toy balloon it was a marble, and when they showed him a manhole cover he said it was a button. So they told him he could go.

Then the medical officer said to a sergeant: "Follow that man and find out if he's just faking shortsightedness."

Presently the man came to a nine-storey building in the middle of a square. He went in. He walked up the nine flights of stairs and on to the roof. When the sergeant followed him he found him sitting quietly in a chair. As the sergeant approached he held out twopence.

"Tell me, conductor," he said, "does this bus go to Piccadilly Circus?"

"AND let me tell you," A the plump wife shouted at her husband, "that it's hard for a woman like me to be brave in wartime!"

"I know," retorted her long-suffering husband, as he beat a wise retreat. "Look at all the chins you've got to keep up!"

YEARS and years ago, in the very early days of motoring, two young men were touring part of Ireland in a car. The vehicle broke down, as they did in those days, in the most lonely spot imaginable. After tinkering about with the thing for some time, they decided to leave it and try to find somewhere to sleep for the night. They walked some miles and at last came upon a cottage of the poorest type. Pigs and chickens were sharing the only room with the inmates of the cottage, and the muddle was indescribable. But as there seemed no prospect of finding anywhere else to rest their weary selves, the young men asked if they could spend the night there. The cottagers agreed, and the travellers came in.

When they were inside they looked around and saw that there was a large double bed in one corner of the room and a pile of sacks in another. They rather wondered where they were going to sleep, as the family in the cottage consisted of a man and wife and two children.

Early in the evening the two children were put to sleep in the bed. The young men looked glum, as they didn't fancy the corner to sleep in. However, when they announced that they were ready to sleep, the man and his wife lifted the sleeping children and put them on the sacks in the corner and told their visitors to get into the bed. The young men did so, and in spite of everything, slept really well. In the morning, when they awakened, they found that they also were on the sacks, and the man and wife in the bed!

THE poor chap had been walking about all day looking for somewhere to live. When darkness came he was still searching. At last he noticed a card gleaming from a darkened window.

"Good evening," he said to the woman who opened the door in answer to his knock. "It's very late to call, but I'm here in reference to the card in your window."

"Oh, yes. How many might you want, sir?"

"I want three large, cheap ones. And I want them immediately. I've had a row with my landlady—"

"But you're not goin' to pelt her with them, are you, sir?"

"Pelt her with rooms?"

"Rooms, sir? I've got no rooms! That card says 'New-Laid Eggs'!"



From Mouth to Beak

Achieving what was thought impossible, Valerie Higgins, of Pets' Corner at the London Zoo, tamed a Chilean eagle which had been unapproachable for its twenty-five years of captivity. She tended the eagle when it injured itself, and since then it literally eats from her mouth



Every day the world we live in grows more bewildering. Woman's desire for Beauty remains eternal.... In spite of the difficulties of the present period, there are still adequate stocks of Elizabeth Arden Preparations in shops throughout the country. The famous Elizabeth Arden Treatments too are still at your service. Whether you look in at Miss Arden's London Salon at 25, Old Bond Street, or visit a Salon in one of the main provincial towns, you will find the same soothing atmosphere of rest and relaxation, the same sympathetic and skilled assistants. You will enjoy your treatment even more than in days gone by and leave the Salon with the same feeling of youth and buoyancy, conscious that you have recovered your poise and are looking your loveliest.... Regular beauty care is a duty—to yourself and others.

Elizabeth Arden

25 OLD BOND STREET W1

With the Fleet Air Arm—No. 12



Dropping a Torpedo: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

When dropping a torpedo the golden rule is to release the missile at a safe height from the surface or else the splash will hit the aircraft's tail and cause it to nose-dive into the briny. If one descends below ten feet above the surface disaster and a cold, salt bath await the venture. On the other hand, it is possible to release torpedoes from seventy feet and have them follow a steady course. Depicted above is the horrible result of a forgetful pilot's carelessness. The concussion of the splash has projected the crew of three through the cabin roof and has written off a new Fairy "Albacore" that had just entered service with the Fleet Air Arm



Let "Home Guards" fortify their steps
With Tonic Water made by Schweppes

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Reply 'Devastating'

A BARMAID with whom I was discussing the war situation, the other evening put the whole matter of Hitler's bombing raids on London into a new and—to me—somewhat startling perspective. She serves drinks in a much-bombed area; in fact, there are demolished buildings all round. Also she is the perfect barmaid as visualised by cartoonists; all blonde curls, bosom, and buttocks. And when I said what did she think about the bombing, she tossed the blonde curls and replied that, in her opinion, the whole thing was a lot of "ridiculous stuff-and-nonsense." It was, in a way, a little humiliating to hear that verdict, for I had been working up to tell her my most horrific bomb story (I now have three really lurid bomb stories, all well rehearsed) and I suddenly realised that to have my pet thrillers described as "stuff-and-nonsense" would be too much to bear. So I hastily turned the subject to other matters.

But, on mature consideration, there seems to me to be much truth in that "stuff-and-nonsense" estimate. No one attempts to hide the real and terrible tragedies that the bombing has caused. No one pretends that the material damage is not great or that the loss of life is not heavy. But think of the German bombing in relation to the larger strategy of the air war, and it does begin to appear strangely futile and—in the military sense—un-economic. The results, in brief, are not commensurate with the expenditure in men and machines and fuel and oil.

Electric Aeroplanes

I RATHER think it was the de Havilland Albatross which first over here the idea of the electric aeroplane. Like many of the things introduced by the de Havilland Company it was advanced in conception and execution; so advanced, indeed, that it might have been said to be before its time. By an "electric aeroplane" I mean an aeroplane in which all the ancillary services are performed by electricity. The undercarriage is raised and lowered, the wing flaps put up and down, the engine started and the odds and ends, like cabin heating, attended to by electricity.

It is rather an attractive conception, for it seems to give unity to those puzzling and tiresome tasks which are secondary to the main task of flight, yet are indispensable to the modern manner of flight. And now the electric aeroplane is gaining favour in the United States of America. Airscrew-pitch operation is now also within the electrical ambit and electric airscrews are fitted to many of the most important American military machines.

that are being delivered to this country. In addition our own Rotol company has brought out an electric airscrew which is now in production and will presumably be seen on things like Hurricanes and Spitfires in service with the Royal Air Force. Electric gun turrets may also make headway, though here there is lack of unity in the opinions of the experts. It



Canadian D.F.C.

One of the flight leaders in a famous Polish fighter squadron serving with the R.A.F. is Flight Lieutenant John Alexander Kent, of Winnipeg, Canada. He was recently awarded the decoration for gallantry in operations against the enemy.



Briefing for a Raid on Berlin

In the operations room of an R.A.F. bomber squadron the Wing Commander (in shirt-sleeves) has called together the crews who will raid the German capital. There he "briefs" them a few hours before they take off, giving them all the necessary details about objectives, routes, and possible opposition. The Station Intelligence Officer, on his left, adds any further information about the target and journey that he may have. The crews, pilots and observers, carefully note down their instructions, which they will follow as they wing their way over the dark and hostile enemy territory.

seems that hydraulic power is particularly well suited to swinging a turret. However, the electric aeroplane would only be completely satisfying if *all* ancillary services without exception were operated electrically.

Seeing Sideways

ONE of the big difficulties before the designer of single-seat fighters is that of providing the pilot with good outlook to the sides, and also to the sides and down. It is a form of the "peripheral vision" which the doctors talk about and which has such importance in the prevention of road accidents. I imagine that one of the reasons those who wear glasses are debarred from piloting service aircraft on operations is that glasses must restrict peripheral vision. But mostly it is the external things that restrict it, such as the engines in a twin-engined machine and the wings in any machine.

Some photographs which I examined the other day of the Bell Airacobra showed that in giving good peripheral vision it is particularly noteworthy. The engine of this American fighter is behind the pilot and the drive is taken to the airscrew along a shaft. Now the rear engine position has two chief results ; it enables the pilot to be placed farther forward and it enables the nose of the fuselage to be tapered more than would otherwise be possible.

As a consequence the outlook of the pilot sideways and forwards is particularly good. The pilot sits over the leading edge of the wings and so can look down and forward, and down and to the sides, whereas in the ordinary single-seat fighter he is rather too far back. Then the tapered nose means that, by leaning to one side, the pilot can see a point fairly close in front of the aeroplane. When the engine is in front, the nose tends to bulge too much and the pilot's view therefore spreads out and gives a blind cone in front of the nose which may be fairly large in volume. So the American machine may prove very successful as an interceptor fighter.

“Pip”

To most people in the world of aviation the word "Pip" signifies the nickname for the woman bar-tender in the Royal Aero Club

bar-tender in the Royal Aero Club (and as I began in one bar, it is only right that I should end in another). Not many people, however, know that she got that nickname from Gordon Bell. He was one of the great figures of early British aviation and his stutter was celebrated. In fact, it gave rise to many good stories. Now Gordon Bell, like all good aviators, frequented the Aero Club, and when a new bar-tender arrived he was determined to find her a good nickname.

One day he proclaimed that he had found the right word. Asked what it was, he made to reply, but his stutter intervened and he only got as far as "pip-pip-pip—" So "Pip" it has ever remained, although in fact, poor Gordon Bell had been trying to say "pippin," his explanation being that she was to be so named because a pippin was the finest fruit of the garden. It was a graceful idea, but the abbreviated form is, in a way, more graceful still, for it commemorates a great airman and an outstanding personality.

'Quality
Yells'



Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

The Irish Cesarewitch

Racing at The Curragh, and Crowds Who Were There

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Waiting for the Horses to Come Out

The President of the High Court of Eire, Mr. Justice Conor Maguire, and Mrs. Maguire, were amongst the many well-known people who saw Mr. W. M. Shaw-Taylor's *The Gripper* win the Irish Cesarewitch at the Curragh at the satisfactory price of 10 to 1



Discussing the Form

Miss Arbell Mackintosh discusses racing possibilities with Mr. Farnham W. Maxwell, and Charlie Smirke, the crack English jockey, at present riding with great success in Ireland. Mr. F. W. Maxwell now trains in Eire. Miss Mackintosh is the daughter of the late Capt. A. Mackintosh and of Lady Maud Baillie



Marking Their Cards

Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, daughter of the ex-Master of the Co. Down Staghounds, Lt.-Com. K. C. Kirkpatrick, called out the numbers to Viscountess Jocelyn, the former Clodagh Rose Kennedy, who married the Earl of Roden's heir, Lt.-Com. Viscount Jocelyn, R.N.



Seeking Inspiration

One of the largest crowds seen at the Curragh since pre-war days included Lady Mary Hermon, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam, and Mr. C. A. Palmer. Lady Mary was married in 1934 to Captain Robert Arthur Hermon, who is now serving abroad with his regiment



Watching the Race

Mr. and Mrs. "Johnny" Esmonde are watching *The Gripper* win the Irish Cesarewitch from the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's Cameron, Mr. W. R. Lysaght's Wyelands being third. Mr. J. L. Esmonde is a leading Irish barrister, a Member of the Dail, and heir to Sir Laurence Esmonde of Ballynastragh, Wexford



Watching for the Numbers to Go Up

Miss Muriel Hill-Dillon, a member of the F.A.N.Y. in Northern Ireland, spends her leave at the Curragh. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. S. S. Hill-Dillon, Steward of the Irish Turf Club, and a well-known Irish owner. With her is Mr. B. J. D. Brooke

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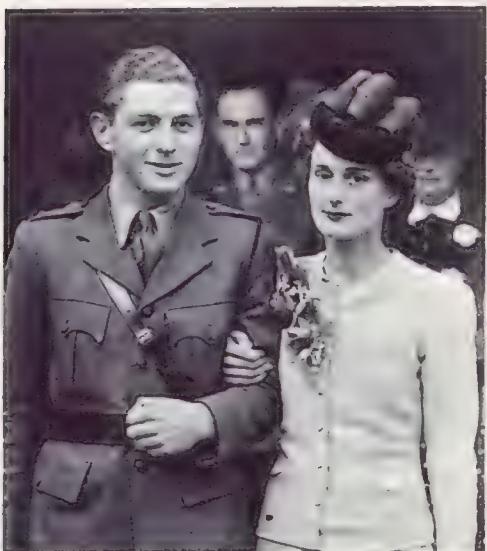
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Getting Married : The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Herbertson—Humble-Crofts

Sec.-Lieut. Ronald Fleming Herbertson, 60th Rifles, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Herbertson, of Baranfrow, Helensburgh, and Margaret Beatrice Humble-Crofts, daughter of the late J. H. Humble-Crofts, and Mrs. Humble-Crofts, were married at St. Mary's, Wargrave



Thomlinson—Mander

Sec.-Lieut. Derrick E. Ingram Thomlinson and Yvonne Mander, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mander, of Harpenden, were married at St. Nicholas, Harpenden. He is the only son of the late Edward Thomlinson, and Mrs. F. Pragnell, of Dulwich



Seaford—Sainsbury

Sec.-Lieut. Carl Cecil Seaford, R.A., son of the Hon. F. J. and Mrs. Seaford, of Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana, and Deirdre Ann Sainsbury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pomroy Sainsbury, of Queen Anne Street, W.1, and Chaldens, Broadbridge Heath, Sussex, were married at Slinfold Parish Church



Robins—Urry

Captain T. E. Robins and Helen Hamilton Urry, were married at St. Mary's, Saughall, Chester. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robins, of Chilwell, Notts. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Urry, of Hale, Cheshire



Kelly—Ryan

Lieut. Brian J. Parmenter Kelly, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., son of the late J. E. Kelly, and Mrs. Kelly, of Knocknore Park, Bangor, Co. Down, and Ethnè Mary Ryan, daughter of the late E. J. Ryan, of Wheatley Hill, Co. Durham, and Mrs. Ryan, of 38, Banbury Road, Oxford, were married at St. Phillip's Priory, Begbroke, Oxon.



Gartside—Rowe

David R. L. Gartside, son of the late Mr. Gartside, and Mrs. Ward-Jones, of Wilmslow, Cheshire, and Barbara T. Rowe, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Rowe, of Dunoon, Fallowfield, Manchester, were married at St. Margaret's, Whalley Range, Manchester



Catherine Bell

Prudence MacDonald

Prudence MacDonald, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney MacDonald, of 2, Welbeck House, W.1, and Bardown, Stonegate, Sussex, is to marry Alexander Peter Fordham Watt, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Watt, of Odsey House, Ashwell, Baldock, Herts.



Dommett—Baumber

Leonard Arthur Dommett, R.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Dommett, of Pentire, Shere Avenue, Cheam, Surrey, and Marjorie Maud Baumber, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Baumber, of Pegsdon, York Road, Cheam, were married recently at St. Dunstan's, Cheam



Catherine Bell

Jennifer Gray

Jennifer Gray is the actress daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Skinner, of 28b, Redcliffe Square, S.W.10; and Haikow. She announced her engagement in October to Flying Officer John Watkins-Pitchforth, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Watkins-Pitchforth, of Bridgnorth, Shropshire



Conversations on Beauty

WRITTEN BY *Nerina Shute*, WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT & HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT. ILLUSTRATED BY *Anna Zinkeisen*, FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

He: I give you a toast: To a lovely lady who is also a charming woman.

She: (Smiling) You seem very happy this evening . . . have you fallen in love?

He: Yes, and what's more, I've found my ideal. In public, she's a wonderful lady . . . in private, she's just wonderful.

She: (Feeling jealous) Is she beautiful?

He: She's lovely and fresh and natural. She's not like the hard-bitten hard-kissed modern girl.

She: You sound very cynical about women.

He: A cynic is an inverted idealist. You see, a man really wants to capture a woman like a medieval fortress.

She: (Smiling) What's your idea of a perfect wife?

He: The perfect wife makes a man feel more important than he is, but less important than she is. In appearance, she's exquisite . . . but she never looks made-up.

She: (Indignant) Are you hinting that I use too much make-up? Because I always use Pomeroy Skin-Food and Pomeroy cosmetics . . .

He: I'm only hinting that I've fallen in love. Do you use Pomeroy charm as well?

She: What do you mean?

He: Only that *you* are my ideal woman.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

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Pomeroy Skin Food

Pomeroy Day Cream

Pomeroy Powder

Pomeroy Cleansing Cream

Pomeroy Beauty Milk

Pomeroy Astringent Lotion

PRICES FROM 2/- TO 9/6

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

Just To Be Alone

By F. Keston Clarke

Illustration by Mendoza

Of course, I realised all along that Tebbetts was a man of ideas. Those rabbitty little men with pale blue voices often have powerful thoughts.

One lunch-hour he said to me:

"You know what's wrong with the world is nothing but a general lack of Vitalurgy."

"Uh?"

"Sausage and mash," said Tebbetts to the waitress; and goggled at me. "Vitalurgy, I said. The secret force of personal refulgence. We should strive to achieve the Seventh Degree of Ratiocination, and lubricate our potentialities with the Joy of Purpose. Now, I've tried Yogi, but it doesn't get you very far—"

Whatever Tebbetts had tried certainly hadn't put him on the map in big letters. I surveyed him across the soiled table-cloth. Thin, mousy hair. The cowed look, the greasy waistcoat of a man born to hold the baby. . . .

Though, mind you, I speak of Alfred Tebbetts as he appeared that day, and before. If you could see him now. . . .

The change began on the Friday afternoon. At five, to my astonishment, he began clearing his desk and taking all his stuff in to the Chief. Then he packed up his personal oddments. His old office jacket he peeled off, with a sigh, and rammed down into a wastepaper basket.

"What's up, old man?" I demanded. "Got the push?"

Tebbetts smiled. "I've pushed myself. Retiring. As from to-day."

"Gosh! Well, you might have given us the chance to get up a little dinner or something, and present you with a clock—"

"In my retirement," he replied, with a far-away look, "I shall have no need of dinners or clocks. Thanking you all the same. But the Seventh Degree of Ratiocination will warm me against all the winds that blow. Is this ruler any use to you?"

Naturally I fired off a few questions. But all he'd tell me was that some aged relative had left him eight hundred pounds. Then he relented a bit and invited me round to his place that evening for a bite of supper.

I went along, with my curiosity pretty keen. Eight hundred is a nice sum, but it's ridiculous to talk of retiring on it. Or perhaps, when Tebbetts was gibbering about the seventh degree of thingummy, he really meant a tobacconist's business, or a quiet country pub?

"Oh, no, no," said Tebbetts, when I put it to him after supper. "Nothing like that. I'm going to be a hermit."

My mouth fell open, and I looked at Mrs. Tebbetts, who went on placidly knitting. "What? Hermit? But where?"

"I've had the spot in mind for some time. It's a place called Snakeover, in Dorset. A tangle of woodland, miles from anywhere. I shall live in a tree and meditate upon Personal Refulgence."

"But what will you live on?" I cried.

"Berries," said Tebbetts, solemnly. "And I shall wear a simple woollen garment of green—"

"I'm knitting it for him now," said Mrs. Tebbetts.

TEBBETTS had told me to keep it dark, but hang it, there's a limit. Within a few days the tale was all round our offices.

And he departed to Snakeover, leaving Mrs. Tebbetts to console herself with a cat, a budgerigar and her relations. She didn't seem to mind. No doubt she thought he'd soon be beating it back home again.



He grinned at us from the bough

"A hermit?" people gasped. "Who, Tebbetts? Impossible! Why, we've known him for years. Anyway, what do hermits do?"

"They eat ratiocinations, or something," I muttered, "and prance about in trees, seeking the seventh degree of personal refulgence." And, of course, the fatheads glared at me as though I might be coming off the books myself.

A week-end or so later, Mrs. Tebbetts travelled down to visit her misguided Alfred in his hermitage; and as an old friend I went too, though wondering whether visitors were allowed under the rules of hermitry.

I needn't have worried. Though this Snakeover spot was an hour in the country bus from a station, plus a three-mile walk, we found ourselves involved in quite a procession. Apparently gossip about the Hermit of Snakeover Wood had gone all round the countryside; and people were flocking along to glimpse the man who lived in a tree. Luckily Tebbetts had given his wife careful directions, and we found him first.

"You're looking well, Alf," remarked Mrs. Tebbetts.

He grinned at us from the bough on which he was sitting, and twiddled his bare toes. "I'm feeling fine," he shouted.

I didn't think this kind of thing ought to go on. "You'll starve," I yelled up into the foliage. "And freeze. And you'll go melancholy—"

"Nonsense, man! Lots of hikers come to see me. They give me chocolates and cigarettes. And in return I talk to them about Vitalurgy, and the seventh degree of—"

"Bunk!"

Then the crowd began to string along. Tebbetts, in his green knitted overall, perched on his branch, haranguing them on the need for Personal Refulgence. There were ironic cheers, and clickings of cameras. . . .

It was a sultry afternoon. As Mrs. Tebbetts and I trudged the long tracks leading back to the lane, I remarked:

"You never find business enterprise in the right place. I'd give half a crown this minute for a nice pot of tea."

"Look!" she exclaimed.

Sure enough, at the edge of the woods some live yokel had put up a tent, and was dispensing weak tea—at a strong price—to the passers-by. In this country, it seems, you can't even be an inoffensive hermit without someone cashing in.

Cashing in? I should smile.

Within a few more days, every bright paper featured an interview with the Hermit of Snakeover. I didn't know whom to pity: poor old Tebbetts in his "solitude," or the pressmen who had to journey those dusty miles to get his views on Swing Music, Modern Girls, and Root Diet as an aid to concentration.

As you may guess, pretty soon I was called upon to conduct an office-party to see Tebbetts. I'd warned them of a long, dry walk: but things had been moving rapidly. At the station at least a dozen hire-cars were waiting. Seven-and-six to view the Hermit, tea included. Marquee restaurants, fully licensed, had sprung up one per mile; and the path to the hermitage was ice-cream, ice-cream all the way.

Tebbetts, when we found him—it took an hour to elbow through the crowd—was furious. "Go away!" he was yelling, as he swung savagely on his branch. "Go away, all of you!"

"Oh, Tebbie!" crooned Miss Twill, our 'phone girl. "Don't be a meanie. I want to talk. Gimme a leg-up, someone."

"Be off!" roared Tebbetts. "You can't come up here until you've mastered the Three Laws of Inner Meditation!" With that he hauled off into the upper boughs, and we saw, with astonishment, that he was now sharing his tree with quite a colony of earnest-looking persons. Learners, no doubt. Well, they'd certainly chosen a charming spot: so sylvan and secluded—except, of course, for the postcard sellers, souvenir merchants, hawkers, touts, peanut vendors, fortune-tellers and itinerant musicians now haunting the forest.

Well, I mustn't turn this into a distressing chronicle of the decline and fall of Snakeover Woods as a wild-life retreat.

You wouldn't have thought there could be so many deep dreamers, simple-lifers and plain cranks in the world. They flocked to Snakeover as to an oracle. And these were followed by the bright young people out for a laugh; and those were followed by journalists out for copy; and they were followed by cocktail-mixers and jazz bands out for money.

(Concluded on page 216)



Diving into the shelter or driving in your car this Fur Hood will be a friend indeed. In moleskin and black or brown coney. **45'9**

A very smart Bretonne that is not too chic for wartime. In felt with just a dash of fur. Black and brown. **52'6**

A hat that does not 'date.' Comfortable 'pull-on' in corduroy with a 'wear-as-you-please' brim. In brown and colours. **25'9**

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You can play tricks with this Beret. Wear it 'up' if you feel sophisticated and 'down' if you are demure. In soft felt. Black or brown. **30'-**

A tiny piece of felt—a dash of ribbon velvet and a cloud of veiling. This confection is from our Model Millinery Salon. **55'-**

A dashing Pillbox in ring velvet delightfully swathed. In black, brown and other colours. **25'9**



The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Bocke



Women today are thinking in terms of wool; hence Harrods, of Knightsbridge, have a representative collection of fashions carried out in the same. The man-tailored jersey suit on the left bears the name of Braemar. As will be seen, it is striped and double breasted, and is available in 38, 40 and 42 sizes. The featherweight Braemar coated on the right is really charming; it is relieved with silver sequins, so may appropriately be worn after the sun has set. The bolero at the top of the page is also of pure wool. It has padded shoulders and is available with short or long sleeves in a variety of colours. A new note is struck in the pinafore skirts of checked tweed for wearing with blouses or pullovers, to which they give a new lease of life. By the way, they have neatly shaped capacious pockets—such an advantage

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freedom
wave

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include in their Winter Collection of Model Furs, designed and made in their own workrooms, an interesting variety of country coats in Civet Cat, Baby Seal, Mouton, etc., at exceptionally moderate prices.

The distinctive model illustrated is in Ocelot with Nutria sleeves and fronts.

Chepstow Place, W.2.



WOOL wins this winter



WOOL
for DAY
and
EVENING

It was at the Exhibition of the Wool Development Department of the International Wool Secretariat that Elizabeth Arden (25 Old Bond Street) showed the simple wool dinner dress portrayed above. It is so soft that it has the appearance of suede. As will be seen, it is cut on slim and flattering lines, the scheme being completed with a gas-mask carrier and beauty box. Digby Morton has designed the check Viyella dress on the left; it is available in various colour schemes. The blouse is of tartan Viyella. This material washes well and is very warm; nevertheless light in weight and decorative

Your English Complexion

is admired the world over



This is the powder especially created for the English Complexion and is used by all beauty-wise women to perfect and maintain that lovely possession in all its youthful beauty.

With a perfect smooth matt texture and with exceptional covering and adhesive properties, it will cling lovingly and retain its delightful perfume through sunshine or rain, wind or humidity.

There are seven tints each blended for the English Complexion. CAMEO is the newest flattering shade. The Tester at your favourite shop will help you make your choice.

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2/- AND 3/6

TEST OFFER Sufficient Powder for a test, in English Peach, Rose Rachel and the new shade CAMEO, will be sent on application. Send 3d. to cover post and packing to Dept. D 15, YARDLEY, 33 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.



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We have some excellent reconditioned and guaranteed Rolls-Royce cars available for immediate delivery.

MOTOR CARS — AERO ENGINES

Social Round-About

(Continued from page 179)

I do hope that his new services to his country won't keep him from painting for too long.

With the evacuation of the National Portrait Gallery his brother was freed for the nation, and is now a bureaucrat. He is an authority on architecture, and wrote a charming book about English houses and gardens. Lives in a basement flat, quite by chance, and pre-war choice, which means that as many of his friends who can have a tendency to join him. Owners of basements these days just have to resign themselves to every nook containing a bed.

Spectacle

Air battles are very lovely to watch. On a sunny day the planes, with their dramatic tails of smoke, look like something bred by the clouds, little coagulations of cloud itself, suddenly given direction and speed, as opposed to woolly drifting. I suppose every one except me has always known about the formation of squadrons and functions of squadron leaders, but I was thrilled to be told. Apparently the squadron leader, on the same principle as cavalry, is free lance, and patrols up and down and round and about the formation, in constant touch with it by wireless.

The bulldogs in Harrods are another gay sight, much bigger than life size, and more menacing, excellent psychology. Every window contains one, and there are some enormous photographs of the Prime Minister as well.

I tapped one of the dogs, met with inside, upon its truculent head, to see what it was made of, but am still undecided. Not papier mâché, I don't think, but can't imagine what else. Ersatz, perhaps.

Street Scene

Visiting buses add colour to the street scene, and the Manchester Corporation representative is seen to swing inquisitively down Regent Street, with 13 hand-written on its placard. Queues at rush hours are still terrific, in spite of this innovation, and of the creditably high proportion of motorists who stop and offer help. Those ordinary push bicycles fitted with an engine would be nice for every one. Pity the buses can't be melted down and refashioned in that shape.

Telephoning

When one realizes that a single bomb can sever nine telephone cables, each connected with five hundred lesser ones, it is not surprising that there are temporary hiatuses in the telephone service.

As a result there is a certain revival of old-world note dropping, and calling: The note used to be of tremendous importance, of course, and one from the loved one far more exciting than a telephone call, being something tangible to treasure and brood over. Perhaps gradually the whole of life in London will drop back in time. It is already partly divided back into its original villages, owing to the difficulties of getting about at night, and the inhabitants of Kensington, Chelsea, Mayfair, etc., must take to dining in their own parish.

And if the ruins are not rebuilt, maybe grass will grow again where the meadows used to be, between district and district, and, the population having spread itself over the countryside, the evils of overcrowding become a thing of the past, and a more fairly distributed life and industry lead to new health and prosperity all round.

Shopping

However, it is the immediate present that is apt to excite people most, and plenty are taking a grab at the existing stocks of shops before the

purchase tax comes on: there is also a feeling that things may get unobtainable, and rations of sack-cloth be issued to us while all our lovely designers and manufacturers do wonders for the benefit of America, whom we are so keen to have buy from, as well as sell to, us.

Nice little ankle boots made of fur are among the outstanding winter numbers for women. Gentlemen in the ranks hoping for commissions watch the bombing of their favourite tailors with anxiety. It would be just too bad if there were no one to make their uniform when the time comes. It seems a bit hard, by the way, that uniform is subject to purchase tax.

Bridget Chetwynd

TO OUR READERS: Owing to exceptional circumstances, readers of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER may receive delivery later than the publishing date. Although making every effort to arrange for punctual delivery, our readers are nevertheless requested to accept their copies should there be delay owing to conditions over which our publisher has no control.

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The Way of the War—(Continued from page 173)

will take. But if Mussolini has succeeded in setting the Balkans aflame at the very moment when Hitler wished to represent Europe as settling down happily under the New Disorder, and making a bid for a peace out of which Italy would gain very little, it would seem that he has thrown a large-sized spanner into the Nazi gearbox.

"To my Cousin George"

Many people were struck by the form in which our own king addressed his message of encouragement to Greece when the news reached London that the Greeks were defending themselves and had appealed for British aid under the terms of the guarantee given at Whitsuntide last year.

"In this hour of Greece's need I wish to say to the heroic Greek nation and to my cousin George, King of the Hellenes," this was the introductory phrase. Here and there one heard the comment that it seemed unusual for the King to address himself to the people of another kingdom.

The explanation, doubtless, is that King George of the Hellenes is not himself a Greek, but a Dane chosen by Greece to discharge the functions of monarchy when no member of the Greek Royal House could be found to mount the throne.

How Britain can Help

Britain's aid to Greece can take a variety of forms, as will become apparent in due course. The most obvious was to intensify the war we are already waging against Italy. By the air bombardment of Athens and other important Greek cities, Mussolini exposed Rome to all the perils and horrors of retaliatory action by Greece and her allies. There seems no reason why the R.A.F. should continue longer to hold its hand in an endeavour to spare certain historical monuments. We, too, in London have buildings of no less historical value to ourselves and Italy has lately been boasting that her aircraft were sharing with the German Luftwaffe the honours of endeavouring to bring these crumbling and crashing to the ground.

So far, metropolitan Italy has had little taste of what it means to be at war with Britain. That is an alarming experience no longer to be denied to the Romans under their Fascist regime.

Just To Be Alone—(Continued from page 208)

By the end of summer, the approach to Snakeover was by a concrete road with Ye Olde Hermytage Fyllynge Stations every furlong. Villas, Suntrap bungalows. A thatched hotel with synthetic rockery and a newsreel cinema. . . .

That's how I found it when I next visited Snakeover. I'd been keeping away for a long time; as I just couldn't bear to see poor old Tebbetts's soothing solitude coming to pieces in his hands. When I inquired, nobody at Snakeover seemed to have heard of the pioneer and founder of this dazzling prosperity. I tried a glass and chromium door labelled "Snakeover Estates Limited."

"You'd like to live the life of Personal Refulgence?" asked the blonde at the streamlined desk. "Certainly. You can have a service flat for one, at three-fifty a year; or if you wish to build, there are still a few back plots at one thousand—"

"Personal Refulgence nuts," I said. "What have you done with Tebbetts?"

"Mr. Tebbetts?" she murmured. "Oh, yes. He's gone. We had to cut his tree down, to make way for the new beauty parlour."

Sadly I went away. It's good to see business moving; but hang it, a man's entitled to a peaceful retirement. I thought it was pretty tough: the sort of thing to turn a man against his fellow beings.

And back in town I went straight round to see Mrs. Tebbetts. To my surprise, a neighbour referred me to the Hotel Atalanta: which is one of the most expensive joints up west; and busy enough to wreck the nerves of a rhinoceros. So I trotted along, and discovered the gentle Tebbettses occupying a comfortable suite.

"Ah, yes, yes," replied Tebbetts, when I mentioned Snakeover. "I was hounded out, by the sordid commercialism of modern life. What harm was I doing, living quietly in my beech tree? Yet the tentacles of so-called civilization—"

"Quite. And now—?"

"We're thinking," said Mrs. Tebbetts, fingering a rope of pearls, "of going to Miami."

"But what about Personal Refulgence and all that stuff?" I demanded.

"Boloney," said Tebbetts, with a grin.

"I thought as much! But why go and live in a tree?"

He laughed richly. "I never did. Tree on visiting days: otherwise a nice room at the 'Red Lion,' five miles away. Oh, yes; I had a bicycle nicely hidden in the undergrowth."

I dislike being hoccusied by people like Tebbetts. So I snapped, angrily:

"Your precious eight-hundred-pound legacy won't keep you going long in Miami, anyway!"

"It doesn't have to," answered Tebbetts, with a superior chuckle.

"The little windfall had its use. It enabled me—with the aid of a mortgage—to buy the hundred or so acres of useless woodland known as Snakeover. Present assets of the Snakeover Estates Development Limited, roughly a quarter of a million. Remarkable what publicity will do, isn't it? Oh, must you be going? Well, help yourself to a cigar."

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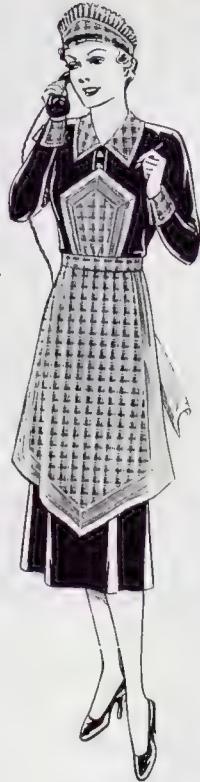
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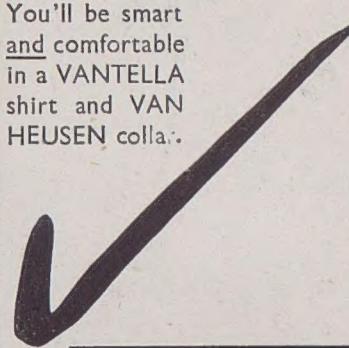
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